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Rebecca Price.

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PRICE

PHILADELPHIA:
WILLIAM [illegible] SONS, PRINTERS, 422 WALNUT STREET
1896

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MEMORANDA AND REFLECTIONS

OF

REBECCA PRICE

A RECORDED MINISTER BELONGING TO BALTIMORE
QUARTERLY MEETING OF FRIENDS

PHILADELPHIA:
WILLIAM H. PILE'S SONS, PRINTERS, 422 WALNUT STREET
1896

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PREFATORY NOTE.

IT was the particular request of Rebecca Price that her memoranda should be examined after her death, and prepared for publication. As a supplementary request she desired that the accounts of the other members of her father's family should precede what she had left concerning herself: also that the book containing her writings should be inexpensive. These requests have been kept in view while preparing the work.

HUGH FOULKE, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, Penna., Fourth Month, 1896.

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INTRODUCTION.

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."
John vi: 12.

IN accordance with the Scripture text here quoted, I have made extracts from some letters written by my mother, and these—together with a memorial concerning her, and an account of a Friend who visited her not long before her close; also, short accounts of the illness and death of my father, brothers and sisters—I have thought it right to preserve.

The record is left for the benefit of her family and near relatives, with the hope that these and others who may peruse it, may be stimulated to faithfulness thereby, and may experience a measure of that peace which was felt and manifested by my mother; and which she expressed by saying, "Oh, that all could feel as I do." Truly it was greatly encouraging to witness her entire composure and serenity of

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mind during five months' confinement to her chamber, when it was my privilege to be much with her, and to wait upon her.

The brief notices of the last days of the other members of our family, it is thought, may also prove instructive. My brother Mordecai, my sister Deborah Hoopes, and myself, are all that are now left of our once large family.

REBECCA PRICE.

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Memoranda of Mary D. Price.

A Parting Word.

To a Nephew going West.

Farewell, dear M——! Our parting may not be long, but be this as it may, I desire thy present and eternal good. I feel not a doubt that if there is a giving heed to the principle of light and truth in the secret of thy soul thou will know an advancement in those things which make for peace. Many are the temptations which await us in various ways, yet there is a Power to rely upon that will be found sufficient to make a way out of them all. I am aware of the slippery paths not only of youth but also of those of more advanced age; and that if we are preserved in the greenness of life, we must be upon the watch. We cannot depend upon the manna that was gathered yesterday, or upon past experience, but we must labor daily for spiritual food which will nourish and strengthen the soul. I believe that if there is a seeking the mind of Truth, and an obeying

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its mandates, there are those in the younger walks of life who will be as waymarks unto others, and who may have to tell what the Lord hath done for them.

MARY D. PRICE.

First Month 21st, 1830.

TO H. C. WHEELER.

We feel at times oppressed with more than we think we have strength to bear; but when our wills are given up to the will of our Heavenly Father we find some of these trying seasons to be the most profitable, and we can thank Him most for the severe, because he has borne our heads above the floods of discouragement, and, to the praise of his great and worthy name, He has been our helper and our support through all.

Thou may have heard of my having paid a religous visit to the families of our Monthly Meeting. In the engagement I felt much self-abasement, but relying on Divine aid, the alone source of strength, I was helped along to the satisfaction and peace of my mind.

I cannot but see that thy present prospect is right: it is not much matter where we are, if we are in our right place.

I feel much for dear M——: may he be attentive

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to the teachings of Christ within, the hope of glory, so as to have his steps directed aright on the journey of life, and finally to be landed on that happy shore where all trials come to an end, where none of the inhabitants say I am sick, where there is safety unmolested and joy unspeakable, with the just of all generations.

MARY D. PRICE.

Eighth Month 23rd, 1833.

TO MIRIAM GOVER.

I intended to write to thee soon after my return from Warrington Quarterly Meeting held at Huntingdon, but many engagements prevented me. After the Quarter I attended the meetings of Warrington, Newberry and York, and had two appointed meetings. I did not set out with much sail, but by endeavoring to mind my guide I was favored to get through, and to receive the reward of peace. Before going to the appointed meeting at Hampton village, I was baptized into suffering; but I kept it to myself, with my mind turned inward to the Lord, to do his will. Feeling emptied of myself, the language presented: "Touch not mine anointed," and "Where I am, there must my servant be also." After taking my seat in the meeting I soon felt an opposing spirit, and a *towering*

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disposition. After a time of silent suffering, I told them I came not to do my own will, but the will of Him who had sent me. Wherefore, I said, have ye come out as "with staves;" and proceeding in the power of the Lord, I felt that spirit to fall, and the Lord's name to be exalted over all.

After meeting we had several invitations to tea, but we declined to accept any of them.

It was afterwards learned that evil reports had been circulated in that neighborhood concerning *our branch* of the Society of Friends.

MARY D. PRICE.

Ninth Month 24th, 1834.

TO MIRIAM GOVER.

Our Yearly Meeting was large, and it was thought to have been much favored. To me it seemed as if there was cause of thankfulness to the Author of all good for putting it into the hearts of some of his servants and handmaids to come and convene with us, and to enter into feeling with some of our own members in their close exercises.

If I know myself, I believe I can in truth say that I feel no will either to be doing, or not doing; but only desire to be faithful to what is required. It will not suffice for us to *begin well*, and to *run well for a*

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season; but we must continue to the end of the race,- if we would at the closing period, like Paul, be prepared to say: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." Dear Cousin, count nothing too dear to part with for Christ's sake; gird up the loins of thy mind, and be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might; for He will not require of thee more than He will enable thee to perform. I have left my family in much tenderness of feeling—and sometimes I have shed many tears—to go forth in the way of apprehended duty, in the faith, leaving all under the protection of our Heavenly Father, trusting that He would care for them in my absence; and I can with thankfulness testify that nothing serious ever befel them when I was out on these missions. And now, if Providence should see meet to draw the closing curtain, I think I could bid adieu to all, with more resignation than in the years that are past, and could look forward to a blissful immortality in the realms where sorrow and sighing are no more heard. These are feelings not lightly expressed by

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me;—and oh! may I in all things be able to say, not my will, but thine, oh Father, be done.

MARY D. PRICE.

Eleventh Month 15th, 1835.

A LETTER TO MY CHILDREN.*

First-day morning, Twelfth Mo. 1st, 1839.

My Dear Children:—I awoke this morning with the desire which I have often felt that you may be encouraged; and your hands strengthened to perform what may be required by a kind Heavenly Parent.

This life is one of trial and conflict, one way or other, to the whole human family; yet they who love the Truth, and who are obedient to the dictates thereof, will experience not only preservation, but seasons of comfort and consolation to refresh and strengthen them in their journey heavenward. That you, my dear children, may be of the number to walk in wisdom's ways, has oft been the prayer of my spirit, more than for much earthly treasure for you; yet we know it is right to use diligence to procure the necessary comforts of life, and my mind has been favored with true peace and satisfaction when laboring honestly to obtain them: for according to Paul's testimony our own hands should minister to our necessities as ability is afforded.

*This communication was found after her death.

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Second-day.—I attended our meeting yesterday, and by endeavoring to keep to the gift of God within, I was favored—I trust—to divide the word aright, to the comfort and strength of the honest-hearted in Jerusalem, also to warn that spirit which is in over-pursuit after the gain and the profits of the things of this world: which eagerness occasions dimness of sight, blasting and mildew to that fruit which the Father in Heaven is looking for. Under Divine favor the meeting ended well, and I felt to adopt the language of Job Scott:

"Great God! thy name be blest;
Thy goodness be adored;
My soul has been distressed,
But Thou hast peace restored."

This quiet state of mind I have sometimes felt heretofore, after passing through deep suffering, so that I could have no pleasure in any earthly thing. Oh! the necessity of dwelling in the root of life, with the suffering seed, and in a grain of living faith in the all-sufficient arm of Power, until He who is the good Shepherd of Israel is pleased to arise and go before, enabling us to follow Him, step by step. In this state of self-abasement we are given up to be just what He would have us to be; a state wherein we

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can ascribe glory and honor, and praise to Him who is everlastingly worthy.

8th.—Cloudy weather. My side and breast affected with soreness. Possessing a frail tabernacle of clay, I daily feel the necessity of relying on the Omnipotent One for strength and preservation of mind, with a breathing of soul to God who rules in Heaven above, and on the earth beneath, that He may be pleased to remember me, and to keep me, as in the hollow of his Hand, under every trial and besetment. But his favors and his blessings also have been many, and these seem to over-balance the trials of my life, causing the soul to return thanksgiving and praise for all his wondrous works.

Third-day afternoon I attended our Select Meeting where I had some *close labor* to perform. I endeavored to do what I felt was required of me, and to leave the rest, whether all things are well and wholesome with us, or whether they are not.

May the Lord bless my children with a holy blessing, even with life forevermore. I crave this for you more than any earthly treasure, and that you may know a sitting at the King's gate, and being clothed with the royal robe, even that robe of righteousness which is holiness and purity of heart.

To-day I attended our Monthly Meeting where true

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solemnity was felt for a considerable time of silent waiting, after which the way opened for a communication. It was a good meeting.

9th.—This morning I feel a quiet mind, for which favor I am humbly thankful, as I prize it more than the gold of Ophir. In this state I have queried with myself if I have *aught against any one*; and on examination I cannot find that I have hard thoughts, or a feeling of envy or hatred toward any human being. How precious is the state of mind that enables us to breathe "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." Oh! how often we ought to try ourselves, to prove ourselves, in order that we may know what manner of spirit we are of; whether of the spirit of Christ, or that of anti-Christ; and thus—however hard for flesh and blood—to endeavor to keep in the vine, which is Christ, that we may be fruit-bearing branches to the praise of the Great Husbandman.

11th.—Not being well I felt at liberty to stay at home instead of going to our Quarterly Meeting, which is held to-day in Baltimore. Most of the family are with me; but my husband, our oldest daughter and our second son, have gone to the meeting. Our son is on his way to school at Alexandria; he is nineteen years of age. I have endeavored to watch over my

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children for good and—as much as in me lies—to keep them out of harm's way. We have taken them with us to our religious meetings, with sincere desires that the concerns of this world should not prevent our assembling together for Divine worship; and it is now my great desire that my children may be preserved alive in that principle which will enable them to perform this reasonable duty, to become useful members of society, and to find a resting place to stand upon in every time of trial. I desire that their hearts may be kept clean from the stain of filthy lucre, and the many abominations that are in the world; that they may prefer Jerusalem above their chief joy; that they may experience that blessed peace which sweetens every bitter cup, yea, that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, and which I have been favored to feel at this time as an evidence that I am in my right place by my own fireside. In view of this favor I have said to myself, Oh, happy woman that I am! notwithstanding my many temptations and besetments; for these seem light indeed when placed in the scale opposite to the favors which have been bestowed upon me by a gracious God. We would all do well to number our blessings, for by so doing we shall find that though closely tried, He who is watching over us for our good, will not permit more

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or greater trials than He will enable us to bear, if we are only patient and faithful. As the walls are round about Jerusalem, so may the good Shepherd of Israel be round about my children to protect from harm of every kind: may He be their bridle in their youth, and their stay and staff to lean upon in old age; and when strength of body is failing, may their spiritual strength increase, as we sometimes see in the evening the brightness of the sunshine after many cloudy days. That such may be the happy experience of my dear husband and children is the prayer of my spirit.

MARY D. PRICE.

TO MIRIAM GOVER.

In my various exercises I have endeavored to know the ground I stand on, and to feel approved in the sight of Him who sees not as man sees, and whom, for many years, I have felt concerned to serve with a perfect heart and with a willing mind. In Him I trust, for I have an unshaken belief and faith that if our reliance is upon Him He will bring us through victorious over all our soul's enemies. I am now in my sixtieth year, and I have the same faith that was impressed upon my mind before I was twelve years old, of the sufficiency of the grace of God for man's sal-

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vation; when I was melted into tenderness and my soul was poured out like water, in breathings that I might become a good woman. I can recur to seasons of this kind, and can remember that I had a love, and a particular respect for all good people; but I was sometimes exposed to unprofitable company, so that when I look over my life, and mark the kind dealings of a good Providence toward me when I was scarcely sensible of what it was, I am almost lost in wonder, so that, like the Apostle I can say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." I have felt it right to cultivate liberality and charity toward all men, not upbraiding those who did not see as I saw, but believing in the Scripture testimony that, "In every nation he that feareth (God) and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him." The more this comes to be the happy experience of all professing Christians, the more will it hasten the day when "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

MARY D. PRICE.

Third Month 23rd, 1840.

TO ISAIAH PRICE.

I have felt much bodily weakness this winter, and my faith has been closely proved; but having en-

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deavored to dwell in the patience, I have cause to be thankful for the continued mercy and goodness of my Heavenly Father, in that my mind has been stayed upon Him, in whom I live, move and have my being. For a time I felt doubtful of my being able to get from home any more, but I was favored to enter into the quiet without any alarm, or without having any sight of what the event might be. For many weeks I continued in this state of patient blindness, but one evening, feeling much prostrated, I retired to my bed, with my mind turned inward to the Lord, when I soon felt an uncommon stillness which nothing could disturb. Though the family were conversing in the room it had no effect to interrupt the entire quiet which pervaded my mind. In this state I was led to visit some Friends in Pennsylvania, and found myself conversing with them on subjects of a religious nature. This was the first evidence I had that I should get out again, and should see it right to visit the parts where these Friends live.

MARY D. PRICE.

Second Month 28th, 1843.

NOTE.—The following Spring she obtained a minute to attend Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and some of its branches. This service she was favored to perform to the satisfaction of her friends, and to the peace of her own mind; it was her last religious visit.

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TO HER HUSBAND.

This morning, feeling better than usual, I have taken the pen to write a few lines, and inform thee how we are. I have been favored to get along as well as could be expected, feeling much weakness, and the weather being cool and changeable, I cough a good deal, mornings and evenings.

On Fifth-day we dined with R. Haines, and I felt easy to stay and rest that afternoon. In the evening took tea with Phebe Davis, and lodged there, she seeming not satisfied without our staying one night with her. Friends are very kind and attentive and we are favored to feel peace and satisfaction in our movements.

When I was going into Philadelphia I thought of Abel Thomas with his little pack, which on first setting out he could not straighten himself under; but, after a time, although his pack had increased, it did not feel so heavy. I begin now to feel much relieved of my burden, having endeavored to keep my eye single to the great Head of the Church. We have attended two meetings a day since coming into Jersey. Last evening we rode five miles, and come to lodge at the house of M. Haines, a widow, where we feel at home. It is possible that we may arrive at our own homes a few days sooner than we had ex-

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pected. I am thankful for the protecting care of our Heavenly Father, and that I have felt in my place during this visit.

MARY D. PRICE.

Fifth Month, 1843.

JACOB LAFETRA'S

ACCOUNT OF HIS LAST VISIT TO MARY D. PRICE.

On the Twentieth of First month, 1844, I went to Gunpowder, and the Twenty-first, which was First-day, attended the meeting at that place. In the afternoon I visited my friends Mordecai and Mary D. Price, the latter being in a very feeble state of health, and not likely to continue long an inhabitant of this world. I found her in a very sweet frame of mind and not appearing to suffer much pain. She seemed glad to see me.

In the evening, with her husband and children in the room, we were favored with a precious, memorable opportunity, in which my voice was raised to speak to the family on the prospect of the separation soon to take place, and to direct their attention to that Power which alone is able to support in the hour of trial and close proving. I also felt constrained to kneel at her bedside and to supplicate the Holy One that He would be pleased to be with the dear Friend the remaining time she continued in the body, also

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that He would be with her husband and children, to support and preserve them in every trial they might have to pass through on the journey of life.

Mary, though in great bodily weakness, was enabled to lift up her voice, and to bear a living, instructive, encouraging testimony, to all present; to the tendering of every heart. It was a season not soon to be forgotten: Oh! may the impression sink deep in the hearts of all that were present, and may it remain a lasting testimony to the goodness, the power and the sufficiency of Him who has promised to be strength in weakness, and a present help in the needful time.

On taking leave of her for the night, and remarking it had been a favored season, she broke forth in these words: Oh! praises, praises, for this evening's service.

The next morning I saw her again: she was still pleasant, and entirely resigned, without appearing to have much to do more than to wait patiently for the time to arrive for her to be unclothed of mortality, and the soul immortal to enter into the mansions of rest. I took a solemn leave of her, not expecting to see her again in mutability, but truly thankful to have had the opportunity of the company and conversation of one so near her close, who had been more concerned

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and desirous to do the will of her Heavenly Father, than for anything pertaining to this world. Her faith was a living testimony to the sufficiency of that grace which bringeth salvation.

On the Twenty-fourth of Second Month I received information of the death of the above-mentioned Friend, with an invitation to attend her burial, which was to take place next day. I felt it right for me to go. A large company collected—even more than the house could accommodate—and I was drawn forth in communication; calling the attention of the people home to a self-examination to know how our accounts stood between us and our God; as we were all passing on, and would ere long come to the end of the journey of life: and the desire of my heart went out that we all (as was the case with our dear departed Friend) might have a conscience void of offence, and a well grounded hope, yea, an assurance of being admitted into the rest prepared for the righteous, when called from works to rewards.

After this testimony, Miriam Gover, from Virginia, appeared in solemn supplication, after which the corpse was taken to the place of interment, and when this was over, Miriam requested that the company assemble in the meeting-house. Here she ministered in the power and authority of Truth, calling on the

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people not to put off the work of the soul's salvation, but to close in with the offered mercy. After she had taken her seat, I felt drawn in supplication and the meeting closed under a solemn covering.

Several friends, myself included, returned to the house with the family, where I remained over night. It was, throughout, a season of deep feeling; as much sympathy with the bereaved ones pervaded the company, and the condescending goodness of the Heavenly Father was sensibly felt. The sense and aid of this Divine presence enabled the little ones to do what was required of them, while to the bereaved family it was a staff and a stay which enabled them to bear with fortitude and resignation, the dispensation thus meted out in unerring wisdom. May the feelings which were experienced by some of them at that time have fastened "as a nail in a sure place;" such is the desire of one who craves the well-being of all the family of mankind.

JACOB LAFETRA.

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In Memory of Mary D. Price.

"Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." (Acts xx : 38.)

This word, "his face no more" to see,
Caused sorrow's tear to run ;
And we will drop a tear for thee
Thou loved and honored one.

For, oh ! through thee Jeshurun's word
Its power would reveal ;
Through thee the pardoning voice was heard,
Sealed with the Spirit's seal.

When fears and doubts the mind assailed,
Mysteriously thou knew—
As if the inmost soul unveiled
Was naked to thy view.

Through thee, when sorrow clothed the brow,
Love's light the mourner cheered :
A nursing one in Zion, thou
Unto the soul appeared.

Yea, and when sunk in wretchedness,
The joy, dear one, was thine,
The wearied way-worn soul to bless
With sympathy Divine.

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'Twas thine the seeking ones to lead
To their Redeemer's breast;
To Christ within, the promised seed,
To Shiloh's peaceful rest.

For this—the labor of thy love—
Affection's tear shall flow;
But, oh! the thought thou lives above,
Must mitigate our woe.

And joy 'twas thine to hear, that day,
While life's last sands did run;
Come, sister spirit, come away,
Handmaid, thy work is done.

DAVID HARDING.

A MEMORIAL OF GUNPOWDER MONTHLY MEETING.

CONCERNING OUR DECEASED FRIEND MARY D. PRICE, WIFE OF MORDECAI PRICE.

As this our departed friend has finished her course, and we doubt not has received a crown of life in the mansions of eternal rest and peace, we feel a concern for the encouragement of survivors to give forth a testimony concerning her.

Her parents were Moses and Hannah Dillon, members of the religious Society of Friends, in which she was educated. She has often been heard to say that

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"in very early life, about the tenth year of her age, she was impressed with a belief that though we might not be able to read a word, 'the grace of God that bringeth salvation [and] hath appeared to all men' was sufficient, if attended to, to guide us safely through all the varied trials and vicissitudes of this probationary scene." This faith continued with her through life. In a meeting, about a year before her death, she said if it were to be her last testimony, she had nothing else to recommend us to, but to be gathered inward to the witness of God in the soul, that we might experience light, life and love to rise into dominion whereby we might be enabled to unite in anthems of Praise to Him who "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good."

By attention to this Divine principle, she was mercifully preserved through the slippery paths of youth, so that when invited by her friends (some of whom were in fashionable life) to join them in their amusements and parties of pleasure, she consented not, and by faithfully attending to the guidance of the Sprit of Truth, she never, as she said, "knowingly deviated in point of language, dress or manner;" though her natural disposition—being very lively and active—much inclined her to these things. In her twenty-seventh year she appeared in the ministry, and being

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taught in the school of Christ, and faithful to his teachings, she was often favored, like the good Scribe, to bring "forth out of her treasure things new and old." She was remarkably qualified to administer to the various states of the people, comforting the mourners in Zion, encouraging the hindmost of the flock, arousing the lukewarm and indifferent, and faithfully warning the backsliders and the rebellious. She was often deeply exercised on account of the immoderate anxiety and exertions for the things of this world, which she said prevailed too much amongst us, and occasioned dimness of sight, blasting and mildew to the fruit which the Father in Heaven was looking for; yet she knew it was right to be diligent in procuring the necessary comforts of this life, and that her mind was frequently favored with peace and satisfaction when laboring honestly to obtain them. In accordance with Paul's testimony, she believed our own hands should minister to our necessities.

With the concurrence and unity of her Monthly Meeting, she at several times obtained minutes to travel abroad, and sometimes to visit the families of her own and of other meetings; in which service she was acceptable.

Her concern for her own family, whom she tenderly loved, was unceasing, often engaged to call them to-

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gether to wait in silence, and encourage them to become followers of Christ within, by which they would experience the blessing of preservation through the checkered scenes of life, and witness that peace which sweetens every bitter cup, that peace which all the pleasures of the world cannot give, neither with all its adversity, take away. This, she said, was her prayer for them more than for any earthly treasure. When prevented by sickness at one time from attending meeting, she said, "I have endeavored as much as in me lies, to watch over my children for good, and to keep them out of the way of evil in their infantile years; taking them with me to our religious meetings; with sincere desires that neither worldly care nor worldly profit should prevent us from assembling together for Divine worship: and it is now my great desire that my children may be preserved alive in that principle which would enable them to perform this reasonable duty; through which they would become useful members in the Society to which they are attached, and when they shall be called to give up their stewardship, whether in the days of their youth, or when farther advanced in life, they may find a place of rest for their souls."

In 1839, Twelfth month 19th, she wrote thus: "I feel deep affliction of mind, and I am not able to see

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the intention or event, but beg for preservation and patience in the faith of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; for I know that the blessed 'foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his;' and no other foundation can be laid than is already laid, which is Christ the Rock of Ages, against which nothing shall be able to prevail. In full assurance of this, mayest thou, O my soul, be gathered daily in firmness and stability, in close attention and watchfulness, that when under proving and trial, I may experience deliverance through his power from all the wiles of the wicked: and I believe as I endeavor to keep in faith and patience, He will open the way, as He has often done, for the relief of my mind. Oh! that all who desire to be true followers of Christ would believe and trust in the all-sufficiency of the power of his resurrection renewed in us, that we might mercifully escape the many snares in which the unguarded are often entangled."

At another time she wrote: "I feel this morning a quiet mind, which I desire to be humbly thankful for, and to prize more than the gold of Ophir. In this state of mind I queried with myself to know if I had aught against any: I could not find that I was accused with hard thoughts, nor with any feeling that would come under the description of envy, hatred or malice.

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How precious is that feeling which can breathe, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.' Oh! how often we ought to try ourselves to see what spirit we are of; whether of the spirit of Christ, or the spirit of anti-Christ; and endeavor, under every dispensation, however proving and hard for flesh and blood to bear, to keep in the vine, which is Christ; that we may be fruit-bearing branches to the praise of the Great Husbandman."

She was kind and affectionate to her friends, sympathized deeply with the afflicted of every class and description, and extended a helping hand whenever and wherever it was in her power, being faithful to the smallest intimation of duty. It might be truly said of her that like Mary of old, she had chosen that good part which should not be taken from her.

Within the last few years of her life, and in a declining state of health, she passed through a series of afflictions with entire resignation to the Divine will; often using the language of Job, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

During this time she twice visited some parts of Pennsylvania: the last time in very feeble health, she attended the Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia and

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some adjacent meetings, and was favored to return with peace and satisfaction to her own mind. This seemed nearly the finishing of her work, though she attended her own meeting during the summer as often as she was able.

In the beginning of the Tenth Month, 1843, she was confined to her room with a chill, hectic fever and cough, which gradually wore her away without much pain. She lay in great peace and composure of mind, saying she felt she was passing a pleasant winter; that her work was done; that she had done it in the day-time; that her Heavenly Father had brought her through all her trials and afflictions, and that she could then praise and adore his holy name, who liveth forever.

Thus she lay, apparently without a cloud to intervene, until the Twenty-third of Second Month following, on the morning of which a friend being present and her husband entering the room she remarked that the time of her departure had nearly arrived; only a few hours more. He said he thought so. She then feelingly said "What a Heavenly Father! What a blessing!" and shortly after quietly departed in the sixty-fifth year of her age. She was buried in Friends' burying-ground at Gunpowder, on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth of the same month.

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She has left us an example which, if we are faithful to follow, we too, may in the winding up of all things here below have the same evidence which she had, that our work is done, and receive the answer of "Well done, thou good and faithful servant . . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Signed on behalf of Gunpowder Monthly Meeting, held seventh of Eighth Month, 1844, by Elias Matthews and Edith Price, Clerks.

Read in and approved by Baltimore Quarterly Meeting, held at Gunpowder, ninth of Ninth Month, 1844, and directed to be forwarded to the Meeting for Sufferings, Caleb Stabler and Mary B. Husband, Clerks.

Read in and approved by the Meeting for Sufferings held in the City of Baltimore by adjournments tenth Month 26th, 1844, and signed on behalf thereof by William E. Bartlett, Clerk.

THE FAMILY OF MORDECAI AND MARY D. PRICE.

Mordecai Price and Mary Dillon were married in the year 1802, the marriage being solemnized in Friends' Meeting-house at Gunpowder, Maryland. The house in which they first settled was their home during all their married life. It is near what is known as "The New Meeting House," at Gunpow-

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der. It was at that home that all the children were born, and that the mother and three of her daughters passed away.

The names of the ten children were, Isaiah B., Rebecca (who left these memoranda), Elizabeth, Ann D., Hannah, Mary, Martha, Moses D., Mordecai and Deborah. The sons all married, and of the daughters, Elizabeth married Dr. Mahlon C. Price, Ann D. married Abraham Scott, and Deborah married Albert Hoopes. The other four did not marry.

They all died before Rebecca, except Mordecai and Deborah, who are still living, 1896.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY SISTER, MARY PRICE,

WHO DIED OF PULMONARY CONSUMPTION ON THE SEVENTH OF FOURTH MONTH, 1839, IN THE TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

She was confined to her bed the forepart of winter, and as she did not suffer much pain we did not, for some time, regard her case as serious. Gradually, however, she weakened, until she became so prostrated that no hope could be entertained of her recovery; and she sometimes inquired what the doctor thought about her.

On First-day night, previous to her dissolution, she said to one of her sisters who was waiting on her, and was much overcome, "Oh! do not grieve for me; if

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I do not live I intend to try to clear my way; I do not feel that I have any great sin to answer for." On the following Third-day, to a friend that was with her, she spoke freely in regard to her prospect of the change soon to take place, and remarked that she thought death the brightest prospect in life, *when prepared for it.*

In the evening of the same day she requested that all the family should sit down in her room, in which opportunity she informed us that she did not expect to recover: then addressing our mother, she said, "When I was fifteen years old I felt it was right for me to *dress plain,* but as the rest did not, I thought I must do as they did. Oh! that I had only been faithful in that one thing." Then, speaking of the vanities of life, she exclaimed, "Oh, vanity, vanity, what canst thou not do!"

On Fourth-day morning she appeared to be much easier, and said she was sorry to see us grieve, and wished we would not; that she would be better off than any of us, and she thought she would not leave anything, the report of which would cause her friends to feel ashamed of her. At one time she closed her eyes, and uttered these words: "Oh! merciful Father, raise my soul up into the mansions of glory." Then opening her eyes, she said, "I wish I could

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take some of you with me." On being asked if she could not give us up, she replied perhaps she could when the time came.

In the afternoon, having all her clothes and her other possessions brought to her, by her request, she divided them according to her wishes, among her family and friends, and was quite composed during this deeply affecting season. She expressed much gratitude for the kind attentions of those around her, and said, "I do not know of anything that I want and ought to have, that I do not get; but all will not save my life; I am not to live in this world." In the night she was heard in supplication, but the only part that we could distinctly gather was as follows: "Holy Father, wilt thou forgive all my sins and every impure thought . . . . . say not unto me Depart from me, I know thee not; but say Come in and partake of the good things thy Father hath in store for thee." On Fifth-day she remarked she thought it strange that though she did not fear to die she could not feel that union of spirit she would like to feel (as we supposed she meant) with her Heavenly Father. In the afternoon our dear mother supplicated on her behalf, after which she was enabled to pray fervently, and as we believe effectually, for herself. She also inquired, "Have I disobeyed my parents? Oh! that I had

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always obeyed them in all things. But there is another mistake, an awful mistake, in my life; I have not obeyed thy sweet voice, my Heavenly Father. Oh! that I had always followed thy dictates, from my childhood." She then humbly implored forgiveness, and it appeared to be granted.

Her work on her own account now seeming to be accomplished, she interceded for others, that *they* might, by living in obedience to the Divine law, receive the invitation when called hence, to be seen of men no more, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter though into the joy of thy Lord:" for oh! how awful it would be for any, should it be said to them, "Depart from me, I know you not."

In the evening she requested one of her sisters to sit by her and give her some nourishment which had been prepared for her. She then called for different members of the family, one at a time, and imparted to each much salutary counsel and encouragement. In regard to novel reading, she left her concern as the injunction of a departed sister, that it should not in anywise be indulged in.

To our father she spoke in a prophetic manner, telling him he would outlive his dear wife, but would have his daughters to support him; that he would live to a good old age, and descend to his grave in

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peace. To our mother she said she had no message only to take care of herself, and not to grieve for *her*. Then after bidding all an affectionate farewell she lay still and serene, and a solemn quiet pervaded the room for some time; and when some one said "How sweet!" Mary responded, "It feels so to me." Nothing especial occured during the night. On Sixth-day morning, with a Heavenly expression of countenance, she said, "I am happy, I am happy: do you not all feel happy?" One answered "We feel happy with thee;" she then said, "I think now all might come in and sit down." After our thus gathering around her we sat in silence for a time and then our dear mother spoke a few words, after which Mary said, "This has been a good time."

She began to wish for her release, but was afraid of being impatient, and said she would not complain; that she had found it hard to give up her friends, and that nothing but a supernatural power could have enabled her to do it; that she had arrived at that state in which she loved everybody. With much tenderness she said, "Remember everybody has a soul; every one has feeling;" thus she remained in a sweet frame of mind until her close. In the evening she ceased to speak, and during the night we watched the spark of life glimmering more and more faintly,

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until six o'clock in the morning, when it went out. She calmly expired, leaving a comfortable assurance that she had obtained an entrance into the Heavenly Kingdom of rest and peace forevermore.

REBECCA PRICE.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY SISTER, MARTHA PRICE,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE TWENTY-FIRST OF EIGHTH MONTH, 1842, AGED TWENTY-FOUR YEARS.

She was attacked with a disease that manifested serious symptoms soon after the removal of our sister Mary. At times she would seem better, but all efforts to remove the disease proved unavailing. In the spring of 1842 she was confined to her bed, the disorder increasing so much as to cause extreme suffering. She often petitioned to her Heavenly Father to be with his poor, afflicted child, and—if not too much to ask—to lighten her affliction, and she would try to serve Him with her whole heart to the end of her days. She besought her brothers and sisters that they should *give up all* to serve the Lord. Wishing to be kept humble, she requested that we should help her and remind her of it, when we saw anything that was not right: she then asked her dear mother to pray for her; and in the presence of the rest of the family this dedicated parent, in great humility and

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brokenness of spirit, did, on her behalf, offer up a petition to the Throne of Grace. This supplication seemed to kindle in the soul of the invalid a flame of love and gratitude to her Heavenly Father, and she exclaimed, "Oh! I cannot feel grateful enough; I cannot praise Him half enough; you must all come and help me to praise Him." On another day she remarked, "I find I cannot live on the manna gathered yesterday, but that daily I must ask for a fresh supply."

At another time, appearing to be under great exercise of mind, she inquired of one present if he ever prayed, adding that she thought he had something to give up; *all have*. She told him that when she was a little girl she thought she would be a good woman, but when she grew up she thought she must do as her companions did;.but now, being brought through suffering to see things in their true light, her heart was often filled with gratitude and praises to the Author of all good for his many favors, of which she felt herself to be unworthy.

She continued to have times of bodily suffering which she desired to endure patiently, having in view a far more glorious state where there is no pain, no sickness, and where all troubles cease. She then said, "I want to go home and be with the angels; glory, glory, glory!

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I hope you will not grieve for me, for I am sure you will all have to follow after; and may it please the Lord to *prepare* you to follow after, and then we shall all be angels together."

As the close drew near she expressed a desire to be released. To a friend who was bidding her farewell she said, "We shall never again see each other in this world; I am going home, to be with sister Mary and the angels." Soon after she bade the rest of us an affectionate farewell, and serenely breathed her last, with these words upon her lips, "Farewell! farewell! I am going home."

The firm belief that she has entered the blessed abodes of rest and peace forever is our great consolation.

REBECCA PRICE.

THE ILLNESS AND DEATH OF ISAIAH PRICE, MY BROTHER.

He suffered through the winter with pain from neuralgia and other causes, and his strength was much prostrated, so that his case baffled the skill of his physician. At length the disease settled upon his lungs, and terminated his earthly existence on the tenth of Seventh Month, 1843. He was in the

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forty-first year of his age, and left a widow and one daughter to mourn his loss.

He had passed through many close trials and afflictions, but through all had manifested no disposition to complain or murmur, but had borne with patience and resignation the dispensation thus meted out to him. He said but little, except that he saw nothing in his way, while his manner bore testimony to the spirit which clothed his mind, and gave evidence that he had experienced a preparation to leave earth's cares and conflicts, and exchange them for a state of unalloyed felicity. The Scripture applicable to his case seemed to be that of the Prophet when speaking of the Saviour, "In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them; in his love and in his pity He redeemed them; and He bare them and carried them all the days of old."

Though it was a trial to us to part with one so beloved, we were comforted in the belief that our loss is his eternal gain, for we reverently believe that he has gained admittance into that city whose walls shall be called salvation and its gates praise, and where sorrow and sighing are unknown.

REBECCA PRICE.

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MY SISTER HANNAH PRICE,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HER ILLNESS, WHO DIED ELEVENTH OF EIGHTH MONTH, 1855, IN THE FORTY-FOURTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

She had been afflicted for more than a year, and her health and strength were declining, though much care was taken to restore her. While yet able to go about the house, and to ride out occasionally, she was attacked with dysentery, which terminated her earthly existence on the eleventh of Eighth Month, 1855. While mourning *our* loss we have consolation in believing that she was prepared for a better and happier state. Of a pure and meek spirit, she was unobtrusive in manner and scrupulously attentive to impressions of duty made upon her mind; and thus it was that she preserved "a conscience void of offense," devoting her energies, so long as ability was afforded, to the good of all around her.

During her illness she often remarked, "I must be patient;" and once, when about to speak of *pain*, she checked herself, saying, "No; I must not complain. For, though I should *like* to be released, I am willing to suffer." She had not much to communicate, but sufficient to inform us that she was aware of her situation, and that she felt nothing in her way.

As one resigned and passive to the will of her Heavenly Father, she appeared quiet and tranquil,

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and the serenity of her countenance furnished evidence of the peace which is given to those whose trust is in the Lord and whose minds are staid upon Him. Near the time of her departure she requested that all things should be kept quiet, and that those present should be still: "Peace, be still!"

A sister from a distance arriving, she said, with a smile, "Come, kiss me, my sweet sister." Afterwards, speaking to each member of the family, as taking a final leave, she quietly passed away.

We doubt not that she has entered into that rest which is prepared for the righteous.

REBECCA PRICE.

ACCOUNT OF LAST DAYS OF MORDECAI PRICE.

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

He was confined to his bed two weeks before his dissolution, being in a quiet frame of mind, and suffering little, except from weakness. He retained his mental faculties, while the physical part declined; and though he had little to communicate, he expressed his *love for all*, saying it was hard to part. At one time he meekly said, "People do not enjoy life as they might." On being asked why, he replied, "Too gossiping."

The longer he lived the nearer he felt to us; he

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was so pleasant, so kind, so courteous to everybody, that his demeanor has left a sweet savor in our remembrance, and the only *sorrow* we have experienced came from the tenderness of the separation.

As he had passed through some deep trials—in which we had shared with him—it was an inexpressible comfort to witness his mind so free and unencumbered when the end drew near. He was submissive and peaceful, as one who had given up the world and all belonging to it, and who was waiting for his heavenly home. Thus he passed quietly into the arms of death, which to him appeared to have no sting, and his peaceful departure has left with us a comfortable evidence that his spirit now mingles with that of our dear mother in the Heavenly Father's kingdom, where they both, as we reverently believe, form a part of the great company surrounding the throne in the attitude of adoration to Him who sitteth thereon.

REBECCA PRICE.

Mordecai Price died at Fallstown, Md., on the twenty-third of Fourth Month, 1864, in his ninetieth year.

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THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER, MOSES D. PRICE.

He departed this life on the third of Ninth Month, 1881, aged sixty-one years.

After much suffering he was favored to close in peace, saying, "I am passing away, but I see nothing in my way." He knew all his dear family, which helped them to bear the trial of parting.

THE DEATH OF MY SISTER, ELIZABETH PRICE.

Elizabeth, widow of Dr. Mahlon C. Price, departed this life on the third of Fifth Month, 1886, in the seventy-ninth year of her age.

Declining health had, for several years, deprived her of the privilege of attending meetings. During all this time she was an example of patience, and being possessed of a quiet spirit, she bore her sufferings meekly, and it might be said without words of complaint.

Thus, full of years and ripe in experience, she awaited the time of her release, giving evidence that she was prepared for a mansion of rest in the Heavenly Kingdom.

REBECCA PRICE.

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THE DEATH OF MY SISTER, ANN D. SCOTT.

Ann D. Scott, widow of Abraham Scott, departed this life on the ——— of First Month, 1892, in the eighty-third year of her age.

During her illness of two weeks, she said, at one time, "I thank Thee, oh, Heavenly Father, for all the blessings bestowed upon me, and not the least of them is a contented mind." When near her close, bidding each one of us farewell, she said she felt peace.

While we sadly miss her presence, we are comforted with the full evidence that she is at rest in the Heavenly Father's kingdom, in a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

REBECCA PRICE.

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LETTERS, JOURNEYS AND REFLECTIONS

OF

REBECCA PRICE.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE writing in these books I leave in charge of my friend, Levi K. Brown, who has expressed a willingness to attend to them, if spared beyond my time; for which I feel thankful. Also, that I have been able to perform a duty that I felt to be required of me in my declining years.

It has not been from a desire of my own so to do, but that still, small Voice which whispers within us clearly manifested to me that it was the will of my Heavenly Father that I should record his protecting care over me through the many years I have passively endeavored to do his will, as made known to me. This duty has been required of me, as I believe, not for my sake, nor to have *my name sounded*, but for the encouragement of my fellow-travelers Zionward, who, like myself, may often feel poor and weak when they have trials to encounter.

In going over my papers, I have been concerned to select only what should answer this end.

Perhaps, in the review, some deficiencies may appear that should be rectified, or some portions that would better be omitted. This I leave to the judgment of the one in care.

REBECCA PRICE.

Fifth Month 30th, 1887.

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NOTE TO THE READER.

Owing to advanced age and failing sight, I have given these manuscripts to my friend, Hugh Foulke, of Philadelphia, with the request that he prepare them for publication.

LEVI K. BROWN.

GOSHEN, Lancaster Co., Pa.
Fourth Month, 1896.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

IN preparing these writings for the press, there seemed to be nothing to omit, except in some of the later ones, where her "Reflections" and "Messages" contained some repetitions: the same text might be presented, and might call up the same train of thought that had been expressed in a previous paper. Her late years seemed to be filled with love, hope and patience; and as she could not go around among her friends she seemed to want them to share the feast which, in the quietness of her apartment, and often in the night season, she was permitted to enjoy. The company of the redeemed, referred to in the Book of "Revelation," was a subject that was very often presented to her view; also the rest promised in this life to the weary and heavy laden. The triviality of all mundane things, the necessity of keeping in view the end of life, the enjoyment to be experienced by the dedicated soul, in silent meditation, and the love for the whole human family, which is to be known in the fullness by those only who have kept the First Commandment—were themes from which she derived both instruction and consolation, and the more she dwelt upon them the more they expanded to her view.

H. F.

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REBECCA PRICE.

THIS Friend, so well known within the limits of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, was not a stranger anywhere in our branch of the Society of Friends. She attended all the seven Yearly Meetings, and most of the meetings composing them, and in many "parts of the vineyard" she felt called to the weighty service of visiting families.

She was the second child and oldest daughter of Mordecai and Mary Dillon Price, and was born at the Price homestead, near Gunpowder Meeting-House,* Baltimore County, Maryland, on the fourteenth of Second Month, 1805. During the first fifty years of her life she was a member of Gunpowder Monthly Meeting, and for the remaining forty her membership was part of the time at Little Falls, and the other part at Baltimore. She was all her life a member of Baltimore Quarterly Meeting.

* The two Friends' Meeting-houses at Gunpowder are distinguished as the old and the new meeting-house. The one here referred to is the new. It was built on a part of Mordecai Price's farm.

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As appears from her own account, she was early visited and measurably brought under the discipline of the cross, but when the requirement to speak in an assembly of the people was laid upon her she shrunk from it, and was disposed to put off the work till a more convenient season, or till a more certain evidence should be afforded her that it *was a requirement*. By thus halting between timidity and disobedience, she allowed the opportunity to pass by without "making her offering," by which omission she came under the vail of darkness, and had to pass through a season of deep discouragement and sore spiritual conflict. At length she was made willing to appear as a fool in the eyes of men, if she could only be wise in the sight of her Creator. And when the struggle was once over and the warfare accomplished, she seemed, for the remainder of her life, to have a plain path to walk in, not being left in doubt as to her duty, but having her work well marked out for her before engaging in it. It would appear that a place was made for her in the minds of those visited, so that her ministry left a good savor.

In the late years of her life, when no longer able to attend meetings, her mind continued clear and bright, and her patience held out to the end. She kept up her interest in the Society, and greatly de-

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sired that it might prosper in best things; also in Friends and others of her immediate neighborhood, from whom she received frequent visits and many tokens of kindness. Her last years were passed at the home of her nephew and niece, William B. and Martha P. Jarrett, at Upper Cross Roads, Harford County, Maryland. Slowly, but steadily, the earthly tabernacle seemed to be wearing out, until the eleventh of Third Month, 1895, when she passed peacefully away, at the advanced age of ninety years and twenty-five days. H. F.

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PART I—LETTERS.

Fourth Month, 1844.

Dear Friend, J. L.:—I have been thoughtful about the appointment we are under by the Quarterly Meeting, having viewed it as a weighty matter. But if it be rightly entered into, it will, I trust, result in good to others, and in peace of mind to those engaged in it. I have not thought of being of any account in the number of my brothers and sisters set apart for the weighty service of visiting our members in order to encourage them to greater faithfulness in the maintenance of our Christian testimonies; though I believe I have felt enough to be willing to present myself at the time concluded on, hoping that as I endeavor to keep my place I shall be preserved from doing any harm. I have greatly desired not to put forth my hand unbidden, but there are right-hand errors as well as left ones. Fear and much natural timidity are still with me at times, so that I find it necessary to keep a watch, lest I evade the cross and break the covenant long since made with my heavenly Father that, if He would be pleased to be with

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me and strengthen me, I would obey Him in all He required. Though He has seen meet to afflict us very sore, yet has his delivering arm been extended for our help and comfort, renewing our confidence and trust.

Thy last favor was truly a word in season. The loss of our dear mother has left with us a sense of bereavement that may be felt, but not described. But we could not wish her back in this world of trouble, seeing that her work was done and that she was fully prepared to enter into a mansion of peace and rest. May such be the happy experience of us all when the time shall arrive for us to be summoned to our long home to receive the answer of "Well done," having been faithful, as was our loved and cherished mother in the portion of work assigned to her. Oh, my dear friend, how are we to do this but by endeavoring to leave the things that are behind, and pressing forward "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," permitting neither things past nor things present to separate us from the love of God! This is often the prayer of my spirit, though I sometimes find my hands to give way under the pressure of discouragement. Such had been the case when I received thy letter. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and I hope

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thou wilt not withhold anything which thou feels should be written or spoken, remembering that though we may have ten thousand instructors in Christ, we have not many fathers, and there are those who mourn because we have not; yea, there are children who need strengthening and encouraging, and some, perhaps, who need restraining, but where are the fathers and the mothers who are qualified to do these things? I hope this may not seem *severe*, for I would not knowingly wound the feelings of any one.

Please say to Lydia that I have felt disappointed in not receiving a long letter from her. However, I would not urge her, unless she feels like it. My love to her, with thyself and the rest of thy endeared family. Thy friend,

REBECCA PRICE.

Second Month, 1848.

To L. L.

My Dear Friend:—I received thy few lines last week and was pleased to hear from thee. The account of the indisposition of some of our friends, for the moment, brought a little sadness—especially that of my kind friend, Esther Townsend—but it was soon removed when I reflected that the Judge of the whole earth will do right. And should He see fit to take

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her at this time, her change, no doubt, would be a happy one, though she would be missed by some of us. We have not heard since, but well satisfied I am that all is well, be it as it may. Many have their afflictions. I have often thought of John Brown this winter. His situation must be trying. But in all, and through all, how good it is to know that underneath is an Arm that can, and that will, support, if it be sufficiently depended upon; and many there be who can set their seal to the truth of its support.

I note thy expression of gratitude for thy many favors. It would be well for us all to number our blessings. We should then, perhaps, see less occasion for complaint, or at least be enabled to bear with more fortitude our allotted portion of suffering. I have reference to no one more than to myself, as I still find much to contend with, and that state of resignation so much to be desired, I fear is not yet attained. Although, in the language of Sarah Grubb, "I had thought the bitterness of death was past," and if, in my ups and downs, and the many changing scenes by me experienced, with the buffetings of an unwearied adversary, I am preserved alive, it is all that I humbly ask for, nor do I desire more.

We have just heard that cousin E. B. is very ill, and father thinks we must go to see her this after-

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noon. So, with love to thyself and all the rest, I conclude.

Affectionately thy friend,

REBECCA PRICE.

FALLSTON, MD., First Month, 1864.

TO MARY PIKE.

My Dear Friend:—A long time has elapsed since I had any tidings from thee, save that I now and then hear a friend speak of thy having been at a meeting somewhere, and I rejoice to know thou art still alive in the ever-blessed Truth. I have sometimes thought there is no greater manifestation of the spirit of Truth than the united and sympathetic feeling of minds when far separated.

In my small measure, and often in retired moments, when no human eye beholds, is my spirit led to visit some of my friends in near fellowship of feeling, being made sensible that the Lord's people are a *tried* people. The blessed Jesus said to his disciples, "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute

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you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also."

Is it not to be feared that this is too much the case, even among *us?* There is so much mixing and blending with all that is afloat, that it is hard to stem the current; yet many are the promises recorded in the Holy Scriptures to the faithful. Among others we find, "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles." Again "Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken." Herein we may have confidence in that strong Arm which is underneath to support all who trust in it. Ah, dear friend! if it were not for this hope, where should we be in *low times*, in seasons of desertion and strippedness? When our faith is closely proved, when we have no might of our own, and none in all the earth that we can look to for help,—then it is that the creature is abased, and our Heavenly Father is glorified.

I have been writing as the matter presented, and while it has afforded a little comfort to my own mind, it may not be unacceptable to her whom I feel as a fellow-pilgrim through this "vale of tears." It is this feeling of nearness that has induced me to take

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a pen to write to thee; and, dear friend, when it is well with thee remember me: and if at any time thou feels like writing (though I lay no burden), be assured thy missive will be gratefully received. With unfeigned love to thyself and family, thy sincere friend,

REBECCA PRICE.

FALLSTON, Md., Fifth Month, 1864.

My Dear Cousin, E. D:—I take the pen to tell thee of our dear *father's* removal by death, though thou may already have heard of it. He was in his ninetieth year, but however long any may live, the end must come, and it is the end which crowns all, when ready to depart. This, we believe, was the case with our beloved parent, who appeared as a "shock of corn fully ripe" and prepared for the call when it came. He had weathered many storms, had endured many trials, and, no doubt, he had some misses to regret; but we feel much comforted in remembering the sweet composure which he manifested, also that his mental faculties were unimpaired. On the last morning of his life he said that it was hard to part; that he loved us all; and then breathed away his life so quietly and gently that there seemed more cause for rejoicing than for mourning, for we feel the reverent trust that his

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spirit now mingles with that of our dear mother in singing praises to Him who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever. Mother told him how it would be, when she left us, twenty years ago. And, oh, dear cousin, may we all be permitted to join the Church of the redeemed in that glorified state when time to us shall be no more.

I have remembered that it is not with silver that man is refined, but it is in the furnace of affliction, which, if rightly endured, will be for our purification, and will fit us for a far more glorious state in the Heavenly Father's kingdom, where all sorrows cease and all tears are wiped away.

I feel, at times, in my measure, a travail of spirit for the welfare of the human family, and at *this time* am I drawn with a flow of that love which, I trust, is from the source of Love Divine, for my dear aged relative, thy husband; for your children and your grandchildren, that you may all, with myself, come in and partake of the water of life, and of that living bread which cometh down from God out of heaven, which only can strengthen the soul and keep it alive, and all that will come may come and partake of the water of life freely, without money and without price. This is the food that will sustain us through the vicissitudes and changes of this world,

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on our journey to the land of everlasting rest and peace. REBECCA PRICE.

FALLSTOWN, MD., Fifth Month 2nd, 1864.

TO H. C. WHEELER.

Dear Cousin:—I need not tell *thee*, dear cousin, that we do miss our beloved father *so much*. Some may think that, owing to his age, it would not be so, but the longer he lived the more he was to us, and the more loving he appeared. He was so pleasant, so kind and courteous to us, and to all whom he met, that his gentle demeanor has left a pleasant remembrance and a sweet savor. We therefore feel to rejoice rather than to mourn; for our only sorrow was the tender separation. His mind seeming to be wholly free and unencumbered, he passed quietly away; so that I could not but utter vocally when the last breath had gone out, "Oh, death where is thy sting!" I was thankful to feel that there was nothing to mar the brightness of that beautiful morning. This afternoon, while lying down, I had his company in a good long sleep. I thought that he came back, and that we enjoyed ourselves much together, and the dream left a comfortable feeling after I awoke.

A little while, and we must all pass through the same ordeal; and the desire of my heart is that our

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latter end may be like his. He was so submissive, so quiet and peaceful; even as one that had given up the world, and all belonging to it, and was resting and waiting for his Heavenly home. Such was the state of mind that we witnessed for the last several years.

REBECCA PRICE.

FALLSTON, MD., First Month 13th, 1869.

TO ISAAC F. DIXON.

Dear Friend:—Thy letter written on the first day of the year is now before me, and it has revived the friendship of former days. I was taken back fourteen years, and reminded of the time we left our father's homestead, where we had spent so many years, and where—oh, where!—a mother's tender love, and a father's fostering care in the rearing of a large family of children, were ours. While thus ruminating, the remembrance was fresh before me that when that home was broken up—the home in which had been severed five links in the precious chain which had bound us together in the close tie of natural affection, yea, severed by death—our Heavenly Father, in his wisdom and goodness, was pleased to open a way for us to dwell in your vicinity. In our new abode we found ourselves in the midst of kind

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friends, and among these none were more conspicuous than thyself and thy amiable wife. I can recur to your frequent calls (sometimes with tokens of regard in your hands), and to your taking me with you to meeting. Ah! such kindness is not forgotten; and probably you did not know the strength that it conferred on a little *one* who was endeavoring to walk in the strait and narrow way. Then, too, when my Master called me from home in his service, with you I found that aid and companionship so grateful to those who are sent to proclaim the glad tidings of the Gospel. You do not need, from me, any expression of gratitude for your kindness, or praise given to *you* for the service rendered; I do not mean it as such, but I do desire that at the conclusion of your earthly lives the language of the Dear Master may be applicable, and may be given to you, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Farewell! Affectionately thy friend,

REBECCA PRICE.

FALLSTON, MD., Ninth Month 1869.

Dear Friend, Sarah H. Baker:—I have often thought of my very satisfactory visit to you in the chamber

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of thy beloved mother, during my stay in New York City, and the recollection has afforded me comfort that I was privileged to enjoy her company both social and religious. The sweetness of her spirit, and the appearance of greenness bringing forth fruit pleasant to taste, while she attributed nothing to herself, furnished to my mind an evidence that she was near the Heavenly Kingdom. Oh! how I desired that *I* might be *as faithful*, and thus attain as pure and holy a state.

It is not, dear friend, with a disposition to eulogize that I thus write, but under an humbling sense of the mercy and goodness of our Heavenly Father—whom we should obey—that I feel to offer this little tribute of affectionate remembrance.

Now since it has pleased Infinite Wisdom to remove the shackles of mortality and to transplant her into a more genial clime, free from pain and sickness, I need not say—to thee, and to the dear companion of her life, thy father, even though you must feel that a void has been made which none can fill—that there is no cause to mourn on her account; for as you are aware, your loss is her gain.

At the close of a visit to some meetings in Pennsylvania, and just as I was thinking of writing to thy dear mother, I read in the *Intelligencer* the account

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that she was no more an inhabitant of earth; I therefore write to thee these few lines, trusting they will not be an intrusion, though I well know that under such dispensations we have to look to a higher Source than human sympathy for availing comfort and consolation.

Affectionately thy friend,

REBECCA PRICE.

FALLSTON, MD., Twelfth Month, 1869.

Dear Friend, Freeman Clark:—My mind of late has been turned toward thee in Gospel fellowship: especially has this been the case since attending Nottingham Quarterly Meeting, held at Little Britain, where our friend Levi K. Brown resides. He gave to me for perusal thy letter written to him not long ago, and it revived the memory of our visit to Canada Friends, with many pleasing incidents that occurred while we were with you. It was a memorable visit. How closely were we united to many dear friends, and how abundantly our Heavenly Father showered blessings upon us in that land, furnishing ability for every renewed service, emptying and replenishing the poor vessels in such a way as to bring glory to himself and humiliation and abasement to the creature,

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who could truly exclaim "This is the Lord's doing, it is marvelous in our eyes."

Well, in viewing past favors, dear friend, ought we not to feel encouraged still to press on in obedience to the commands of our Lord and Saviour, who rewards with that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

Truly it is needful to mind the light when we have it; and when—for the proving of our faith and confidence in Him—it is withheld for a season, we must wait for its returning; and when it again shines, if but a single ray from the great Source of light, pointing the way, oh! how the heart is made to leap for joy. How trifling then seem all the trials and besetments which have stood as mountains in the way: how the poor, tossed mind is raised above them; feeling that it can "mount up with wings as eagles; run and not be weary; walk and not faint." None can understand how it is, save those who have experienced it; and as I trust, thou and I *have* known it, let us not give out nor faint by the way, but continue to cleave unto that Power which has hitherto helped us in time of need, which has been with us in the morning of our day, in the meridian of life, and which —may we hope— will not forsake us when the shades of evening are gathering around us.

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But how poor do we sometimes feel; how bankrupt; as if we had never known any good, much less ever *done* any: how will it be possible for us ever again to speak in the name of the Lord? Such have been my reductions (I think more of late than formerly), and whether they be for farther refinement, or for future service, *Thy will, and not mine, be done*, is at times the language of my heart. I remember, too, that we have the privilege of prayer to Him who hears the cries and sighs of his needy children.

Thus I have in freedom written, and if it answers to thy own experience it may afford a little strength to thee as it has to me.

I will now tell thee our Quarterly Meeting—held at this place—occurred a week ago. We had with us several strangers, Levi K. Brown being one of the number. Rebecca Turner, who was my companion in Canada, was also in attendance, and in the evening we three talked over our visit to our Canadian friends. Levi has a lively remembrance of the names of places and persons, and of occurrences of interest.

We thought our Quarterly Meeting a favored one, especially the meeting on the Second-day morning: Truth reigned over all; and all —or most—must have felt the force of it.

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With love to thyself and family, also to inquiring friends, I close in near feeling.

Thy friend,

REBECCA PRICE.

FALLSTON, MD., Ninth Month, 1872.

My Dear Friend, Mary Pike:—Thy two letters of last month are before me. I have re-read them, and I feel thankful for the expression of thy interest toward me, for I often feel poor and needy. While in this state I find it necessary to *watch*, for the enemy of our soul's peace ever seeks to cast us down when he cannot elevate, and it is a favor to have the eye of the mind opened to discover his approach, so that we may rally to that tower into which the righteous flee and find safety.

Thou speaks of being pressed down. Ah, I can understand it, for many times I know but little else for a long season. If this pressing down bows us to the root of life, and brings into a state of resignation, wherein we can adopt the language, "Not my will, but thine, oh, Father, be done!" having the mind stayed upon the eternal Rock of Ages, above the waves which come nigh, may we not feel thankful that in this exercise we are cared for by a kind Par-

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ent, whose arm is around about and underneath us, to support in time of need.

I note thy remarks concerning Friends traveling in the ministry, that the way is made so easy—especially for those having ample means—that it is rather a *pleasant thing* to go to our *large meetings*, and in the intervals to mingle with interesting Friends. This may be all right for such as feel their way in it, if it is not done to the neglect of the *smaller meetings*, and of those isolated Friends who are scattered here and there, and who are hungry and discouraged. To visit these and to come down to the lowly seed, requires much sacrifice and a willingness to spend and be spent, trusting to the Master who gives ability for that which He requires.

I will now close, with the aspiration in my heart that our Heavenly Father may so abide with us, and we with Him, that we may be strengthened to hold on our way and press forward. So saith thy tribulated Friend in love,

REBECCA PRICE.

MOUNT PALATINE, ILL., 1875.

My Precious Friend, Carrie:—Thy very interesting epistle has been received, and could I make thee sensible of how much good it did me I think thou

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would feel amply paid for the labor of writing. The feeling of love and kindness thou expressed was as a refreshing brook by the way in a weary land.

I have had letters from several Friends, giving me an account of the good Yearly Meeting in Baltimore. It is grateful to me to be thus remembered while I am in this far-off land; also to know that Truth had the ascendancy during the sittings of the Yearly Meeting—such will always be the case where Friends mind the light, building upon the sure foundation, the revelation of the Heavenly Father's will, that Jesus was the Christ. I was pleased with thy remark that "we cannot live upon the manna gathered yesterday;" also that "it is needful to seek help each day to take us over the rough places." Does thou remember the promise of the Most High, "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight; these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." As these promises have sweetly revived in my memory, I think they may be encouraging to thee.

It was very unexpected to me to remain here during the cold winter, but I seemed to be stopped and could not go forward. I have a dear niece yet to

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visit in the southern part of this State, when I can see the time, which I am now waiting for. As thou wished to know of my health, I think I may say it is much the same as when I left home.

Now, dear friend, I must draw to a close. I feel that it is a privilege for us to communicate with each other on paper, and should we be again permitted to speak face to face it will gladden my heart.

With love to thee and to the rest of your family, I remain thy truly attached friend,

REBECCA PRICE.

FALLSTON, MD., Fifth Month 7th, 1882.

My Beloved Cousin, Mary R. Hibberd:—Very often since I last saw thee has my mind been turned toward thee, and to-day I have thought to employ a little time in holding converse with thee on paper. I often view it as a privilege to be thankful for, that we are able to communicate in *this way* when we are separated so that we cannot speak face to face. It feels so pleasant to me at this time to be thus employed, that I think I am not out of place in being at home from meeting, the inclemency of the weather having prevented me from going.

I almost crave to see thee, so that we might compare notes; which is a strength at times, while trav-

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eling in the narrow path, and as a brook by the way to refresh the weary and worn. I do want to hear from thee, and to know how James is by this time, and if it is well with all of you. When writing of the state of the weather outwardly it occurred to me how fitting, by comparison, it is to some of our experience in a spiritual sense; as the sun is obscured by clouds, and droppings of rain fall to water the earth and bring vegetation into action, causing it to bud, blossom and bring forth fruit abundantly, so we also have our seasons of darkness and of clouds before the watering; for it remains to be a truth, that summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, day and night, succeed each other, all for a wise and good purpose, and we must try to endure the different seasons appointed for our growth, our establishment, our deepening in the root of Divine life, yielding more and more the blessed fruit of righteousness, peace, love and joy. Oh, blessed attainment, sweetening the bitter cup! Well, dear sister, may thou and I continue to press on, through all trial, poor, weak and inefficient though we feel; for if we only stand faithful, our Heavenly Father will strengthen our endeavors, and, as I fully believe, will, in his own good time, disperse the clouds that overcast the mind, and will cause the sun of righteousness to

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break forth to gladden the heart and raise the soul in praises to his ever-adorable Name.

My dear cousin, having written just as it presented, I hope it may prove the same strength to thee as it has been to my poor mind, feeling indeed that the good Father has so designed it to be.

Perhaps thou will be surprised when I tell thee that I have only once been at meeting since I came to Fallston, as the weather continues cool and I am still weak. When the weather gets warmer, so that I can go out more, I think my strength will return. I think of going soon to sister Deborah's to stay a while. She is a kind sister, and I think it will do me good to be under her wing as long as it is right.

Can thou find time to write to me? I no not want to tax thee, but, if thou can send even a postal, I shall be glad to get it, for I want to hear from you. My mind is often with Friends of Baltimore. I hope all things will work together for their good.

Our family and Friends here are in usual health. With kind regards to Gideon, Sarah J. and James, I remain, affectionately, thy cousin,

REBECCA PRICE.

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FALLSTON, MD., First Month 3rd, 1884.

TO MARY R. HIBBERD.

My Beloved Cousin:— Another year has passed away, and many changes have taken place. Among them has been the departure of thy dear James.

In my sympathies with thee, my dear cousin, I had no doubt but that thou art sustained by our loving Father, and art quietly resting under his care, having the evidence that thy dear companion has found a place in the mansions prepared and waiting for the humble in heart.

When I last saw him I perceived that he was verging full into the meek and quiet spirit which is declared to be of great price in the sight of God. Dear one! He is now set free from the troubles and cares of life; and thou must daily feel the void, yet there is no cause for mourning on his account. He has paid the debt we all must pay. Then it is for us to gird up the loins of our mind, and do our duty each day as it is presented to us. This course will give us peace and enable us to bear our different afflictions, casting our care upon him who will sustain through every trial.

At the proper time I should very much like to see thee, but at present the winter is upon us, and I do not feel able to endure much cold. So, in this mat-

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ter, as in all right things, I must wait for the time and the season.

When thou feels like it, I should be glad to hear from thee and thy dear children. I know the tender cords that are severed in parting with a dear father, and I can feel sympathy with them on this account. Sister Hannah sends her love. My love to thee and thine. I close as ever.

Thy loving cousin,

REBECCA PRICE.

1885.

TO CATHARINE S. VAIL.

How rejoiced I was, dear friend, to see thy writing on an envelope directed to thy friend R——, and to read thy most acceptable letter, giving evidence of the Father's care and love for thee in thy weak condition. How much we have to praise Him for, even his goodness in the midst of our trials, supporting our minds by faith and confidence in his eternal arm of power, which is ever round about his children.

Through our mutual friend, Mary Jane Field, I had heard of thy indisposition, and as she stated it was rather slight, I feel a hope that—if consistent with the will of the Divine Father—thou will recover. Some of us feel that we cannot spare thee yet; and

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it may be there is more work for thee to do, that thy example and precept may be a comfort and aid to others wherever thou art.

I can readily see that "the lines have fallen unto [thee] in pleasant places." In my own experience I have admired—when I could not see the way of myself—how provision hath been made by Him who careth for the sparrows; and sincerely do I render unto Him all the glory and all the praise.

I am thinking of going to Baltimore to stay awhile, if nothing hinders. While there I shall greatly miss my friends, H. Canby and L. Powell, but they are gone to that happy home from whence they will never return to us, and the prayer of my spirit is to be prepared, when earthly scenes are over, to meet the loved ones in rest and peace, where sorrow and sighing are no more.

As I wrote to thee a short time ago, I will not say more now, but will conclude.

Affectionately thy friend,

REBECCA PRICE.

1886.

TO LINDLEY AND RACHEL VAIL.

My Beloved Friends:—As I sat in contemplation this morning, you were brought near to my mind, with the presentation that, as children of our Heav-

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enly Father, we should sympathize with each other in our various trials and afflictions through the journey of life, and be one another's helpers in the Lord. Oh, we need such sympathy! I know this right well.

Since my sweet visit with you, you have felt preciously near to my spirit. Yes, my heart has deeply sympathized with you in the loss of that dear son, who died so far away from your house and home. And the language for you comes, as from him, "Weep not for me, for I am safely landed upon that peaceful shore where the conflicts and trials of life are unknown." This—and I hope I am not visionary—has been the springing up of life to say. And in this springing up—which, I trust, is from the dear Father—my faith has been strengthened, in view of his glorious light, which at times dawns upon us. Having myself known sorrow and been acquainted with grief, I can salute you in that love which binds together in the bonds of peace.

Affectionately,

REBECCA PRICE.

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1886.

TO MARY R. HIBBERD.

Dear Cousin Mary:—I have so much been wanting to hear from thee and the rest of the family, that I thought the best way was to write, with a hope that thou would reply. I feel interested in the Friends of Baltimore Meeting. It would have been pleasant to be with you during apart of this winter, but sister Elizabeth has been very feeble; so much so that I did not like to leave her. Should she improve I may get to Quarterly Meeting, and stay a while in the city.

Dear cousin, my attention has been so much taken up with the illness of my dear niece, E. W. Babcock (whose happy transition from earth occurred on the thirteenth of Eleventh Month), that I could not, for a time, feel like using the pen as heretofore. I also miss her interesting letters, with which she often favored me. But, inasmuch as the dear Father had prepared her for his kingdom, it becomes our duty to resign her to Him who gave her, and who has taken her away. Blessed be his name! We are informed that, while attended by her devoted husband and dear family, doing all they could for her, she was *entirely passive* to the will of her Heavenly Father. Now it is for us to look around and see the duties for

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us to do; so that, by faithfulness in our daily walk, we may be ready to join her in the land of rest and peace.

Affectionately thy cousin,

REBECCA PRICE.

No date.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO J. C. ADAMS.

Dear Friend:—I received thy interesting letter on New Year's Day. It was comforting to know that thy mind and thoughts were turned to thy Heavenly Father, who can heal the wounds by sorrow made and furnish balm to the afflicted soul. I trust thou has experienced the healing and received the balm. I note thy remark that "He doeth all things well, and for our good chooses means for his own purpose." Hard as it is for the natural part, I have believed it is a blessing to have those afflictions which purify and sanctify the heart, bringing us nearer and nearer to the Divine Father, so as to realize a oneness with Him. When this oneness has been measurably attained, we shall have fellowship with each other in that unity of the spirit and precious bond of peace which gives the foretaste of Heaven in this life, and—if we continue faithful to the end—which will enable us to realize the full fruition in the world to come.

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Having strong attachments, I well know, dear friend, that it takes much to wean us from perishable objects. The tender ties of nature, how they cling and twine around our hearts, and how desirable appear to be the many things of this world which are spread out to our view. But, alas, they perish with the using; and link after link is broken, as our loved ones are taken from our sight, and our hearts are left to loneliness and sorrow. But our Heavenly Father beholds us in this condition, and, in his pity and loving kindness, He will strengthen us that we may not be unduly cast down.

I often feel grateful for the unspeakable favor of having a kind Heavenly Parent who sees the sparrows fall, who dwells with the humble in heart, and who will bless with the riches of his love those who resign all into his hands. He knows what is best for us, and He will choose for us (better than we could for ourselves) that course which will enable us to gain an inheritance into his kingdom of peace and rest forevermore.

I am writing in much freedom, and if, on comparing notes, it will prove a strength to thee, I shall be glad. I close with love and sympathy,

Thy friend,

REBECCA PRICE.

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FALLSTON, MD., Sixth Month 26th, 1865.

My Dear Friend, Rebecca Turner:—Ever since my return—which was on Third-day the 20th inst.—I have wanted to write to thee, but with fatigue and company I have not seen the time until now. I feel that I have much to say to thee, and first of all I must tell thee how very much we missed thy company. I thought it was quite right for thee to be with thy daughter, though it would have been a great comfort to me to have had thee with us throughout our visit, and I think thou would have been gratified in mingling with some Friends whom we afterwards met.

After our parting, that stormy afternoon, we wondered much how it fared with thee; and perhaps thou as often had the same thought about us. Well, it rained, it poured; it lightened and it thundered loud and long. We put all our wraps about us, and Samuel had to raise the umbrella in front to keep the rain from driving in upon us; so we were protected from getting wet. I said to our dear friend Daniel, "Is thee not discouraged?" "No," he replied, "I am never discouraged when I have the light." This reply, with his kind and gentle manner, tended much to strengthen me.

We arrived at the station in ample time for the train which took us safely to Tarrytown, arriving

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there about six o'clock. Our kind friends, Uriah Field and sisters were expecting us, and arrangements had been made, and notice given, for an evening meeting at half past seven o'clock, to be held in their parlor. The rain continued, though with less violence, and a little company gathered, with whom we had a solid opportunity: it closed after the offering of a supplication to the throne of Grace, with thanksgiving and praise. Thou will be interested to know that the one who Mary Jane Field told us had recently become a member (formerly an Episcopalian) was present: she looked serious, and after taking us by the hand quietly left. There was also, in the little company, a woman bent with the age of eighty-seven years. She invited us to visit her, as did also a son of Jacob L. Mott's, whose wife and mother were unable to attend the meeting. We were obliged to decline both invitations, as our plan was to leave for New York in the morning. I think it among our duties—when way opens for it—to visit the aged, the sick and the afflicted,—a duty which I desire to keep in view in my journeyings.

On arriving in New York we decided to go to Thomas Foulke's to obtain information of the way to get to Shrewsbury. We then went to Jonathan Thorne's, where we were met by Daniel Underhill,

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who piloted us to his house at Jericho, where we were kindly received. Next day, being First-day, we attended their meeting. It was a pleasant day, and the meeting house being newly painted and whitewashed, appeared very clean and neat, though consistently plain.

Our thoughts were carried back to the worthies who had lived and died in that vicinity, but who, as living memorials, remain in many hearts. . . . . While I was comforted in this view, and a precious feeling seemed to cover the assembly, I felt it right to cite our attention to the same holy, divine principle to guide us safely through this probationary state; also to encourage to faithfulness in keeping our individual places and ranks in righteousness, trusting in the mercy and goodness of a kind, Heavenly Parent, that we shall be supported through the trials that may be permitted us, and finally shall be favored to join the dear ones gone before, in giving praises to Him who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb forevermore.

After dining at Samuel Underhill's, where we had the company of Robert Seaman and wife, we called on Robert Titus and wife, and were mutually glad to see each other; we had lived near together at Fallston. After passing an hour or more with them, we

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went to Elizabeth Carle's to lodge. She seemed to appreciate our visit, and we enjoyed her company very much; our parting was in love and with tears. Her nephew and herself (with their help) constitute the family; she is verging toward eighty years of age, and she is a dear woman.

On Second-day morning we came again to New York, where we stopped at Jonathan Thorne's. Jonathan was not at home, but his wife and daughter entertained us with their usual kindness. We took our departure about four o'clock in the afternoon, after a season of solemn quiet together.

Ann Dudley met us on the boat and we were glad of her company to Shrewsbury. We stopped at Thomas Williams's, where we were hospitably entertained. His wife, also Preston Lafetra, accompanied us next day to Thomas Lafetra's, at Squan, the distance being fifteen miles. After dining with them, Augusta Lafetra, Thomas's wife, went with us to Thomas Cook's to lodge. This dear family, living aside from the Society, and six miles from meeting, prize a visit from Friends. They, with two or three others, compose the little meeting at Squan. This meeting we attended on Fourth-day, and notice having been spread that strangers were expected, the house was filled to overflowing. On seeing such a

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gathering, coming from many miles round, I wondered what would become of the meeting: but as I kept under the weight of feeling, looking within and not without, ability was furnished to hand forth that which was given, which appeared to satisfy all. The people were very quiet and solid; I saw scarcely a smile after meeting, and some were in tears. Dear Thomas Cook was much tendered. I could truly say "It is all of Thy goodness and Thy power, oh, Lord! and let the praise all be thine."

We dined at a Friend's house near by, and then returned to Thomas Williams's at Shrewsbury, and attended that meeting next day. There is quite a company of Friends at this place, and I trust we were edified together. After dining at Preston Lafetra's we took a ride to Long Branch to view the mighty ocean, and then went to Benjamin Corlies's to lodge. It seemed good to mingle with these meek and humble-spirited Friends. Next morning Benjamin took us to see Daniel Williams and wife, who are aged and infirm, and who are tenderly waited on by an attentive daughter. They seemed rejoiced to see us, and we were favored with a precious opportunity under the cementing influence of the love of our Heavenly Father.

I had been looking to see my way home on Seventh-

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day, but after weighing the matter I felt most easy to remain in Jersey over First-day; so, accordingly we went to John Parrish's, at Woodbury. He received us cordially, and informed us that he had an engagement to be at Camden Meeting on First-day, inviting us to accompany him; but I felt more drawn to Upper Greenwich, and John kindly made arrangements to take us to Amos Peasley's that evening, also to give notice of a meeting to be be held at Woodbury on First-day afternoon at four o'clock. Both of these meetings were satisfactory, though I felt, in the winding up, nothing to boast of, but thankful for the evidence of preservation in the performance of that which seemed to be required.

On Second-day morning we called to see an aged Friend who was wasting away with pulmonary consumption. We found him sitting *outside* of the house, in order to get the fresh air. We sat around him and had a refreshing opportunity, which felt to me to be a crown to our visit.

I now thought if I could see Rachael Hicks I should be ready to go home: but this I did not expect, as we had heard that she was on the "Eastern Shore" in Maryland, but were soon informed that she would be in Philadelphia that evening, on her way to Fishing Creek. We went to William Webster's, where

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she was stopping for the night, and passed an agreeable evening with her and her companions.

Feeling now clear, and ready to go home, Levi K. Brown waited on me to the cars next morning, and I had a quiet journey to myself, and all that I could desire, which was peace of mind; yea, thanksgiving and praise were offered to Him who had been strength in weakness, and a present help in the needful time.

Levi, who was to leave Philadelphia in the afternoon for his home, said he felt comforted by the visit and hoped to be more faithful.

I found all well at home, and Friends generally in this neighborhood.

Hoping soon to hear from thee I remain affectionately, thy friend,

REBECCA PRICE.

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PART II—RELIGIOUS VISITS.

A JOURNEY TO CANADA, ETC.

NOTES TAKEN BY LEVI K. BROWN.

1866.—Fifth Month 28th.—Left home for Philadelphia, to join Rebecca Price and Rebecca Turner, on a mission of love to Friends.

29th.—Left Philadelphia at two P. M. and reached New York at seven. Went to Jonathan Thorne's, and were made very welcome by his daughter, Phœbe Anna, her parents being absent on a visit to Europe.

30th.—Went to Peekskill, where we had an evening meeting, and lodged at Edmund P. Halleck's.

31st.—Went to Poughkeepsie in the forenoon, and stopped at the house of our friend, Alexander Coffin, at whose home we were kindly entertained during our stay in the city, which was over two nights. On First-day attended the meeting there, and, although the day was wet, we had a good meeting, and passed the afternoon agreeably with our kind friends.

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Second-day.—Hired a carriage and rode to Pleasant Valley Meeting, seven miles, and were entertained by our friends, Elijah and Amy Baright. On Third-day called at Henry Frost's, on our way to Crum Elbow, where we had a favored meeting, after which we went to Thomas Stringham's, where we passed the night. On Fourth-day, the 6th, Thomas took us to Rhinebeck, where we boarded the train for Albany, arriving in the city about one P. M. We had an appointed meeting in the evening, which was attended by David H. Barnes. Our home while in Albany was with our friend, Joseph Carey. On Fifth-day we took the cars at seven A. M., and arriving at Rochester at five P. M., we went to the house of Charles Frost. Charles was absent from home, but his aged aunt Fanny kindly entertained us. That evening we were joined by Ann Weaver and her son Elijah, from Philadelphia. On Sixth-day we visited the extensive nurseries of Alonzo Frost & Co. We dined with Alonzo, and in the evening went by train to Charlotte, seven miles, where we took the boat for Whitby Harbor, a distance of one hundred and ten miles to be passed over on Lake Ontario. We arrived at the landing before daylight, and were met by our friends and conveyed to the home of Nicholas Brown and his son Sherman. On

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First-day attended the meeting for worship, and dined at the house of Nicholas Brown's brother, Rowland. Second- and Third-days, after meetings, were passed at our lodgings, where we met many Friends. Fourth-day dined at Lorin Brown's at Whitby. Fifth- and Sixth-days, passed mostly with our aged friends Nicholas and Margaret. N—— is very feeble, but serene and cheerful in old age; and M—— has failed intellectually, but she gives abundant evidence of being *alive* and *sound* in best things. Their day's work seems to be nearly done, and both, no doubt, are ready to be gathered. On Seventh-day we took leave of these dear friends, and were conveyed to Whitby, where we took the train for Bellville, eighty-three miles, and there boarded the boat for North Port. Here we were entertained at the house of our kind friend, David Barker. On First-day, attended the meeting at Green Point, after which we were taken to Bloomfield (twenty miles), where we had a meeting (West Lake) at seven in the evening. Passed the night at Stephen White's, and on Second-day morning his son-in-law, Hiram Brown, took us thirty miles, to Brighton, where we boarded the train for Whitby, a distance of sixty-five miles. Rowland Brown met us at the station and conveyed us to his home. Next morning we went to Uxbridge, twenty-

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two miles, and had a meeting there at two o'clock in the afternoon. We lodged at the house of Stephen Hilburn and wife, an aged couple, who with their children felt to be near to us in the best life. Fourth-day attended a meeting at White Church, and dined with a widow named Lundy. In the afternoon had a favored religious opportunity with this family, and then went to Nathan Dennis's at King.

Fifth-day, 21st.—Attended Monthly Meeting, and went home with Mary, widow of John Watson, lately deceased. Both husband and wife were valuable ministers. In the afternoon the neighbors (to the number of about thirty) came in to mingle with us. We felt humbled by this evidence of favor. In the evening we took a solemn leave of these precious friends—some of whom we had met at Yearly Meeting—and proceeded to Yonge Street, where we lodged at the house of Oliver S. Phillips. On Sixth-day attended Yonge Street Meeting, which I trust will long be remembered by some who were present. We dined at John Phillips's and took tea at Alfred Stevens's, where we had a favored religious opportunity, after which we took the train for Toronto, a distance of twenty-eight miles. It was after nine o'clock when we arrived in the city, and went to the Queen's Hotel, where we lodged, and at seven o'clock next

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morning, started on the train for London and Komoko, one hundred and twenty-five miles. We reached the station before two o'clock, and were met by our kind friend, Isaac Zavitz, who took us to his home, where we passed the night, and on First-day morning attended the meeting at Lobo. The meeting was large and highly favored. We dined at Benjamin Cutler's, and enjoyed the conversation of so good a Friend. He is in his eighty-seventh year, having removed to Canada from Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in the year 1779. We took tea at Daniel Zavitz's, where we met a large company of Friends. In the evening called on a young woman who has been sorely afflicted for the past four years. Rebecca had some tender counsel to hand forth to this invalid, and after the opportunity with her, we went back to Isaac Zavitz's to lodge. On Second-day Daniel Zavitz took us thirty-six miles to Yarmouth, where we dined at James Haight's, and lodged at David G. Canby's. On Third-day had an appointed meeting at Yarmouth, which was large and much favored. May the praise be given to Him to whom it is due. In the afternoon went to Asa Schooley's, five miles beyond Yarmouth, where we took tea, and then went with Asa to Jesse Kinsey's, near Malchide, to lodge. On Fourth-day morning attended the meeting at Malchide, which was

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not large, but was very satisfactory to visitors and visited. Dined at John Law's, and went thence, eighteen miles, to Freeman Clark's, where we lodged. On Fifth-day we parted with our kind friend, Asa Schooley, who returned to his home, and Hugh D. Webster took us four miles to the meeting at Norwich, after which we went home with him to dine. In the afternoon he conveyed us twenty miles to Ingersoll, where we lodged with some young Friends, and next morning parted with them and with Hugh Webster, in much tenderness of feeling. We went by train to St. Katherine, where we were disappointed about a conveyance, as no one was there to meet us. At length we succeeded in hiring a man to take us to Nehemiah H. Ward's, on the way to Pelham. We arrived at 3.30 P. M., after which notice was given of a meeting to be held at seven that evening. A considerable number attended, short as the notice had been. We lodged at Nathan Wilson's, and next morning, Seventh-day, went twenty miles before eleven o'clock, at which hour the meeting convened at Black Creek. This was our last meeting in Canada, and a highly favored one it was. After dining with Henry Zavitz, his son Silas took us to Black Rock Ferry, ten miles, and we crossed over to Buffalo, where we met with a cordial reception at the home

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of our friends David and Martha Ferris. It was now Seventh-day evening.

On First-day we attended Buffalo Meeting, dined at Abraham L. Griffen's and lodged at Isabella Webster's, where we remained until Second-day afternoon, when we went by omnibus to Hamburg, where we were entertained at the home of Mary Freeman, widow of Elisha Freeman, who was one of the valiants in our Israel. This hospitable abode was the place of our sojourn until the following Sixth-day, when Asa Hampton conveyed us to Boston Meeting. Here we met Freeman Clark, from Canada, and he was powerful in the ministry. It was a memorable meeting. In the afternoon we proceeded to Collins, where we made our home with David Estes and family. On the following day visited the Cataraugus Reservation of Indians, where we were kindly received by Ashur Wright and Laura, his wife, and a young woman named Clark, who was teacher in the Indian School. Passed an interesting day with them, and in the evening went to Andrew Varney's to lodge.

First-day, Seventh Month 8th.—Attended meeting at Collins, dined at David Estes's, and in the afternoon went over a very hilly country about fourteen miles, to Elisha Griffeth's, at Boston Corners. On

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Second-day forenoon had an appointed meeting in a school-house at Protection. We dined at Samuel Farrington's, and in the afternoon rode twenty-two miles, to Joseph Head's, at Orangeville. Next day attended their meeting, at the close of which we parted with our valued, Freeman Clark, who had been with us at the last four meetings, in all of which he was greatly favored to proclaim the doctrines of Friends, to the conviction of many minds. In the afternoon Joseph Head took us to Warsaw, where we boarded the train for Buffalo. Arrived in the city soon after nine o'clock and lodged at Abraham Griffen's. On Fourth-day morning took the train for Niagara Falls, where we passed three hours, viewing the wonderful cataract, and then went to Lockport, where we lodged at Obadiah Price's. Next morning, left before six o'clock, for Rochester, in which city we had expected to have a meeting at eleven o'clock, but owing to a mistake which had been made, no notice had been given. So we rested at Charles Frost's during the forenoon, and after dinner Joseph Thorne came and conveyed us to his home, eight miles, where we lodged, and next day attended the small meeting at Wheatland. Dined at Henry Case's, and went thence to William Cornell's, at Mendon. Next day, being Seventh-day, we wrote

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letters and rested until tea-time, when we went to visit our friends, John J. and Judith Cornell. The meeting at Mendon on First-day was not only large, but memorable. In the afternoon we parted with our dear friend, Rebecca Turner, who had been our companion thus far on our journey, she going to Dutchess County, to be with her daughter. Our parting was in much tenderness of feeling. Martha Ferris, of Buffalo, is now to be our companion. She has been with us for several days past, and has proved herself a true help-meet to Rebecca. After parting with the dear friends at Mendon, we were taken by John J. Cornell to South Farmington, where we lodged at Edward Herendeen's. On Second-day we had two appointed meetings, forenoon and afternoon, at Farmington, and although the farmers are in the midst of their wheat harvest, a considerable number attended, and both were favored meetings. We lodged with our friends, Seth and Catharine Bosworth, who accompanied us to Macedon, where we had a meeting on Third-day morning. We dined at Benjamin Chase's, and in the evening went by rail to Rochester, where we homed at Charles Frost's. Next day was their Preparative Meeting, and in it Rebecca had some close service. It was a good meeting.

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Leaving Rochester for the last time on this visit, we proceeded eastward, attending or appointing meetings at Galen, Union Springs, North Street, Scipio, Skeneatles, Victory (at the residence of Cornelius Koons), De Ruyter, Constantine, Saratoga, North Easton, Easton, Danby, Granville, Queensbury, Troy, Pittston, Quaker Street, Oak Hill, Rensselaerville, New Baltimore, Coeymans, Athens, Hudson, Ghent, Chatham, Creek Monthly Meeting (at Crum Elbow), Stanford, Creek, Nine Partners, Oswego, Opoquage and Quaker Hill. Our meeting at the last-named place closed the service. At Chatham we had parted with our beloved friend, Martha Ferris, and at Stanford we were again joined by our former companion, Rebecca Turner. The friends at whose houses we were entertained, from Rochester to Quaker Hill, showed us much kindness, and several of them conveyed us from one Friends' settlement to the next. I record their names in the order of the places visited:—

Stephen Y. Watson, John Hampton, George Dunlap, Zebulon Hoxie, Benjamin Battee and wife (both invalids), Charles Searing, John Searing, Anson Lapham, Cornelius Koon, Lydia Arnold, David Adams, John Bedell, Andrew Dorland, John Wilbur, Jacob Pratt, David Boyce, Otis Dillingham, Paul Thomas,

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Theodore Dusenbury, Joseph Lawton (a family-sitting here), Elias Griffen, Nathaniel Mead, James Sheldon, Benjamin White, Israel Drake, John Chadwick, John Powell, Benjamin Bedell, Abraham Lawton, Aaron C. Macy, George Macy, Henry M. Robinson, William Coffin, Henry J. Powell, Thomas C. Stringham, Henry Frost, Thomas Sands, Alfred A. Underhill, Alfred Moore, William H. Cornell, Lawrence Barrow, Deborah Willets, Aaron Sutton, John Haviland, David Irish and John James Vanderburg.

After the meeting at Quaker Hill, we dined at the house of the friend last named, and, after parting with our friends, Thomas and Anna Sands, who had been our companions for four days past, we took the train for New York City, where we arrived at eight P. M., and lodged at David S. Brown's. On Fifth-day morning we took the early train for Philadelphia, arriving there before noon. In the afternoon we visited Ann Weaver, and in the evening our little company parted at Ellwood Chapman's. On Sixth-day I arrived at my home, with a thankful heart that we had been so mercifully cared for and preserved on our journey of over three thousand miles

LEVI K. BROWN.

Eighth Month 24th, 1866.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF A FAMILY VISIT

WITHIN THE LIMITS OF HOPEWELL MONTHLY MEETING, VIRGINIA.

On the twenty-fifth of First Month, 1873, I left the home of Samuel M. Janney, at Goose Creek, accompanied by his daughter, Cornelia, and by Asa and Aquila Janney. We went to Winchester in a sleigh, there being much snow on the ground and the weather cold. Our first stop was at Daniel Wood's, where we partook of some refreshment, and then went on five miles, to Thamson Sidwell's, in Winchester. Meeting with a cordial reception was very grateful to one, journeying, at this wintry season, from house to house, to visit dear friends. Thamson is the widow of Hugh Sidwell, who, during the late civil war, endured loss of property, great deprivations and much suffering. But through all he and his beloved family were supported, and his manifestation of a Christian spirit lives in the memory of many, and remains a shining example. He employed himself in making crutches for the wounded soldiers, without any distinction as to "Federal" or "Confederate." He departed this life a few years ago, and, though a great loss to his family, his friends and the Church, yet his transit from the mixed state here to one of peace and joy is gain to him.

We attended Winchester Meeting on First-day,

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and remained over Second-day on account of a snow-storm. We had a precious religious opportunity with Thamson and her family, also with her son, Richard, and his family, living near by. Richard was in poor health, and has since deceased. He seemed comforted by the visit.

Third-day, 28th.—The weather having cleared, the sun shone on the beautiful snowy carpet upon the ground. Daniel Walker and Lydia Lupton, having arranged to accompany me, the Goose Creek friends returned to their homes. With two horses to a sleigh, we started out on the proposed visit. Martha Sidwell, Thamson's daughter, accompanied us. Our first visit was to Alcana Fawcett, who is the only *Friend* in his family. He and his kind daughter gave us a hearty reception. His wife was from home, which we regretted. This good man, as we were informed, seldom misses attending his meeting, though it is nine miles from his residence. He is much esteemed for his uprightness and integrity. During the war he was taken into the army, but he wavered not, neither flinched from the principle of Truth, which was dear to him, and when he could not be *forced to take up arms*, although threatened to be shot, he was carried to the camp, where he served as a cook for about six months, when way opened

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for him to return to his family. I have digressed to give this account.

After dining with Alcana and his daughter, he went with us to visit his sister, Gulielma Beans, whose home is about five miles from his. The ride was to me an interesting one, over hills, through valleys and among forests of pine, with little streams of water coursing along. We had a guide, who rode on horseback, and, by his piloting, we reached our destination safely a little before sunset. In this out-of-the-way place, which is fourteen miles from Winchester (the nearest meeting), live this family, remote from the residences of other Friends. They do not often get to meeting, but at times in their own house, sit down together for silent waiting. The wife only is a member of our Society. When we had gathered into silence, there presented to my mind the account we have of the woman who pressed through the crowd and touched the hem of our Saviour's garment. So *this* dear woman has difficulties to encounter, but she appears to be sustained by the Divine power and to be possessed of a sweet, Christian spirit. After this solemn opportunity we retired for the night, feeling, I believe, mutually strengthened and comforted. Next morning we pursued our course to Back Creek, arriving there near noon, the

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distance being about ten miles. The first family that we called on, having sickness in their house, we passed on to Archibald Robinson's, near by. On the way we met with an adventure. Having to cross a stream covered with ice, but not strong enough to bear the weight of the horses, they plunged again and again into the deep water, and with great exertion, got through. We had gone but a little way beyond this stream, when we found the road closed by piles of ice and the snow deep on the ground. I do not know that my faith quite failed, and, being in sight of the Friend's house to which we were going, Daniel called out at the top of his voice for help. The man came with a blanket, and placing it upon one of the large cakes of ice, we women stood upon it while the men lifted the sleigh around to go back through the same creek that we had just crossed. We got over it in safety and then went across a field to the Friend's house. I felt to return thanks that we were preserved through the peril of water and ice, and were now by good warm fires, in comfortable quarters, with kind friends. There are three brothers of the Robinsons, who with their families compose the meeting at this place. All of them who could get out came over in the evening to Archibald's, as did also some of the neighbors, and we had a precious

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meeting. Next morning, feeling clear of this part, we proceeded toward the Ridge, although the weather was very cold. On the way we stopped to see John Purcell, who is ninety-three years of age, blind and deaf; but his mind is clear, and he is alive in best things. He told me that by the Divine light within, truths had been opened to his understanding that he had not seen before. He gave a very interesting explanation of some Scripture passages.

After parting from this dear Friend we went to the home of our companion, Lydia Lupton, where Daniel and Martha left me, and returned to their homes. Lydia is a widow, having an interesting family of sons and daughters who aided in performing the visit to the families of this little meeting: as there are only about ten families, we finished our visit on First-day evening. On Second-day morning Lydia and one of her sons took me to Winchester, where we again met Daniel Walker, who accompanied us on our visit to the remaining families of the Monthly Meeting. We were favored to accomplish the work, I believe to satisfaction. In this last part of the journey there was nothing especial occurred, except a mishap which might have proved very serious. The shoe of the sleigh getting loose, fastened itself on the track of the railroad, and hearing the whistle of the cars we

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got out, and Daniel lifted the sleigh from the track, when in a moment of time the train came rushing by. We had renewed cause for thankfulness to the Author of all good for our preservation.

The snow having melted suddenly while we were visiting a Friend who lives several miles out of town, we had considerable difficulty in making our return journey. But our spirits were free and cheerful in doing that which we believed to be our duty. We had been visiting one who—owing to circumstances over which she has no control—cannot get to meeting. She has her trials and deep afflictions, under which she seems to be, in a measure, resigned to her situation. I felt the language of encouragement to arise, so that I could say to her, her latter days would be better than the former.

While we called on some Friends in town, Daniel went home with his sleigh, and came back next day with a carriage. We then went out into the country to see some families not yet visited. In conclusion, attended Monthly Meeting in Winchester on Fifth-day, and, taking leave of Friends here, with tender sympathy, we went to Joseph Branson's at Hopewell. On sitting down in this house, a quiet, and I may say a holy canopy, clothed my spirit, and in the stillness of it, there arose in my mind the Scriptural

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expression, "There is a rest for the people of God," and in our evening sitting I was favored to enlarge upon it. This dear Friend suffered severely from the desolation of the war, but in all he held fast his integrity. His trust being placed in God, his mind was stayed upon Him who preserved him and kept him in that pure faith in which he had lived. It was a comfort, when with him, to feel "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

There are but nine or ten families belonging to Hopewell Meeting, and by evening on First-day we had visited all of them, except Daniel Walker's, at whose house we remained until Third-day morning. On Second-day evening we had a comfortable sitting with Daniel, his daughter Mary, Hugh Lupton and some others. I retired to rest, feeling clear and thankful for the safe guiding of the Divine Spirit, which I daily and hourly watched for. Yes, and thankful, too, for the kindness of friends in helping a little one along through the cold and storms of the winter season.

REBECCA PRICE.

A VISIT TO OHIO YEARLY MEETING.

1878.

I left Baltimore on Second-day morning, in the forepart of Eighth Month, having a minute to attend

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the Yearly Meeting of Friends to be held at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio; to visit the families composing Center Quarterly Meeting in Pennsylvania; also to attend and appoint some meetings within their limits, if way should open. My minute was from Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

I went without company, as no one seemed prepared to go with me. I felt it a trial thus to start alone, but after having taken my seat in the car at Camden Station, I was favored to get into the quiet, and was comforted with the good Father's presence, giving me an evidence of being under his care and going upon his errand.

Stopping at the town of Oakland—beyond Cumberland—I was met by Wilson Proctor and wife, who took me to their home, where I was kindly entertained for a day and two nights. Their house is on the mountain, and the pure, invigorating air was strengthening. On Fourth-day morning I resumed my journey, taking the train for Zanesville, Ohio, at which place I arrived about nine o'clock that evening. A Friend was in waiting who conveyed me to the house of my cousin, Hannah James. I was cordially received in this town and its vicinity, to which had removed my mother's parents and many of the family at the time of the early settlement of this country.

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It was here that Hugh Judge, the eminent minister, resided for some time. A meeting of Friends was kept up for many years, but it is now discontinued, as there is only one member remaining. Members of other religious denominations have populated the city (now of considerable dimensions), and have erected houses for worship. I felt it right to ask for an opportunity to have a meeting with these, and my cousin, Moses P. Wheeler, having obtained the use of the Methodist Meeting-house, it was pretty well filled with the members of the different denominations. It was given me to rise with the words, "God is love," and there is no fear in love. I then told them that I had come among them in that love which casts out fear, and that I had seen several states now assembled. The stream of Gospel light and love flowed freely and baptized many hearts together. It was not without a sense of my own insufficiency and of appearing as a spectacle before them, that I had asked for this opportunity. But He who in ancient days caused the mountains and the little hills to skip, was pleased to open the way, leaving no obstruction. Rejoicingly I took my leave of them, and, as I went out, a man at the door feelingly said to me, "If all would mind what you said, what a world this would be!"

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I now felt relieved of a burden which had rested on me, at times, for seven years, not having attended to the concern which presented that long time ago, when visiting the meetings composing Ohio Yearly Meeting. I am the more free to express myself in this matter, believing there will be an entire openness in this place for all rightly concerned ones.

On Sixth-day morning, after parting with my relatives in much nearness of feeling, I started alone for Mt. Pleasant. Before changing cars for Bridgeport—where Friends met us—Phœbe Spencer, from Spencer Station, came in and sat by me. I had once been at her house, and her company, now so unexpected, was grateful to my feelings. Like myself, she was on her way to Yearly Meeting.

I was taken to the house of Ezekiel Roberts for the night, and next morning went to George Evans's, where I made my home. George was prevented by lameness and other bodily afflictions from attending the Yearly Meeting, but he was glad to see and to entertain his friends.

The meeting was regarded as a favored one throughout. In the transaction of the business, harmony and condescension were very noticeable. Especially was I interested in the session when they met with open shutters to consider changes proposed in the Dis-

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cipline—not touching testimonies. Some different views were presented, which required time and patience. We could not say that weariness did not come over some of us, but we were amply repaid by seeing all settled in unity and good feeling, so that, under the precious covering of Divine Goodness, we realized the fulfilment of the promise, "I will be as dew unto Israel," by which many hearts were tendered and the meeting closed.

Early next morning, in company with Hiram Blackburn and wife, I set out for Half Moon, where Center Quarter was to be held, and reached our destination after a fatiguing journey of several hundred miles. Here we met with Sarah Hoopes, Martha Dodgson, Darlington Hoopes, Abigail Paul and Rebecca Hall, all of whom were warmly welcomed by the dear Friends of this mountainous country. Many seemed to be hungering for spiritual food, which was freely distributed to their refreshment. After meeting the other visiting Friends returned to their allotted places, and I (with the advice of my friends) rested a few days before engaging in visiting families. I was favored to perform this service to the peace of my mind and with thankfulness to the Giver of all good.

REBECCA PRICE.

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MILLVILLE, COLUMBIA CO., PA.,

Sixth Month 26th, 1879.

My Dear Friend, Mary R. Hibberd:—I have been thinking that perhaps thou, as well as other Friends, would like to know how I am getting along.

I can say, so far I have found no hindrance to the prospect which has been before me: on the contrary, way opens as I try to move carefully, and to wait for right direction.

I was favored to get to Fishing Creek H. Y. M., being impressed with the feeling that it was the right time for me to come: but having no special company, nature did shrink a little when I would think—How shall I reach it? But as the pointing appeared clear, my place was to trust, and I have had cause to admire the leadings of the good Father at this time, and at *all* times when we leave all in his hands.

I suppose thou art aware of my having attended the Quarterly Meeting at Salem, New Jersey, and some of the meetings belonging thereto as they came in course. I also visited some Friends who are afflicted and not able to get to meeting, being kindly assisted from place to place by the Friends of those parts. The last meeting that I attended among them was on the First-day previous to my going to Fishing Creek; it was at Woodbury where I met Wm. Wade

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Griscom and wife, who were expecting to go to the Half-Year's Meeting. They were very agreeable companions. On the way we met other Friends, also going to the meeting. The journey was less fatiguing than I had expected, and we arrived at our destination before sunset. The meeting was considered a favored one, and at the Youth's Meeting on Sixth-day, the house was packed. On the foot-benches in the gallery sat little children, and these, with the rest of the meeting, were solid and quiet. I hope it was a profitable season, and trust that it was such to some, if not to all. The simple truth, as we understand it, was handed forth by Amos Jones, Mary M. Thomas, Harriet E. Kirk, and by a young man from Byberry, who spoke as one having received the gift.

After the meeting, the strangers, except myself, turned their faces homeward. I occasionally feel somewhat lonely, but when I am favored with even a little evidence of being in my place (as I have been frequently), it makes hard things easy and bitter things sweet, for I have no true comfort outside of this.

I will now inquire for the welfare of thyself and family, for I often think of thee, and want much to hear from thee. I know something of thy struggles

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and exercises, with thy desires to be found filling up thy duty in every particular. I have faith to believe that He who knows the secrets of every heart will not fail to strengthen and console his children who humbly trust in Him. I have sometimes feared that thy present engagement would be more than thy strength of body was equal to. But I can imagine how pleasant it must be to thee to feel *at home* when lying down, when rising up, and when sitting and meditating in thy room. I have greatly desired that the back may be fitted for the burden, and that the right way may be made for thee and thine, even where we, in our short-sightedness, can see no way.

I have now entered upon the family visiting at this place. The country is hilly, and Friends' houses are some of them far apart. Friends have encouraged me to take the work moderately, and I feel thankful to be getting along so well as I have been thus far. I do not know how long I shall be here, not having been permitted to see far ahead, but I am trusting that all will be right if I follow the only true, the only safe Guide.

I close with love to thyself and family, including Eliza Cole, also Joanna and other inquiring friends.

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A letter from thee, or from any one interested, will be gratefully received.

Affectionately thy friend and cousin,

REBECCA PRICE.

PHILADELPHIA, Seventh Month 22nd, 1879.

Editors of "Friends' Intelligencer."

Having performed the visit to Friends of Fishing Creek Half-Years' Meeting and returned to this city, I feel it on my mind to give some account of the visit, so that my friends in Baltimore and elsewhere may know how it fared with me in that mountainous region. After attending the Half Year's Meeting—of which our friend, Harriet E. Kirk, has given some account—I entered upon the service of visiting families, for which Friends of Baltimore Monthly Meeting had given me a minute of unity.

The Friends in this part are very much scattered, some being many miles apart. In travelling over hill and dale, I sometimes feared that the physical strength would not hold out, but by taking the journey as quietly as I could, and resting when I could, I have been favored to see the end, and, without anything to boast of, can say I lacked nothing. Though the waters did not appear to rise very high, I endeavored to pursue the line of duty as

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way opened, and Friends' kindly helping to make the way, was comforting.

The families visited at Fishing Creek numbered sixty-six, at Roaring Creek eight or ten. In some houses there is but one member belonging to the Society of Friends. In passing around among them, I was rejoiced to find a living remnant concerned for the testimonies of Truth and righteousness, who, in common with others, have their trials and some difficulties to encounter.

After the conclusion of the visit I attended Roaring Creek Monthly Meeting, held at Catawissa on the nineteenth instant; also a circular meeting the next day (First-day) at the same place. Here we had the company of Perry and Rebecca John, of Roaring Creek Meeting; also that of Enoch Kester and wife, and of Reuben Wilson and daughter, with some others from Fishing Creek. A number of persons belonging to other societies were present, and we were made thankful with the presence of the Divine Father, baptizing some of our spirits into the oneness for which the return of thanksgiving and praise was expressed.

In this town Friends own a log meeting-house in a beautiful grove of large, spreading forest trees, where they once held a meeting. I was told of many

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goodly Friends who have passed from works to rewards, and now only one member is left. The young Friends, having intermarried with other professors, have let their meeting go down. They appear to feel the loss sustained, and express the wish for its revival, but they feel weak for the undertaking.

The same is the situation at Berwick, where there is but one member. But as there are others that are in sympathy with Friends, they have it on their minds, if they can feel strength enough, to sit down together in their snug meeting-house (which has been vacant for some time), seeming to feel the need of thus assembling to wait in stillness upon the Heavenly Father, to be refreshed from his holy hand. I could but impress upon them to be faithful, remembering the promise of the Master, "Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there am I in the midst of them."

Now, having finished my little mission among them, the prayer has arisen that the Lord of the harvest may send other laborers into this part of his heritage to strengthen and encourage some seeking minds there.

REBECCA PRICE.

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In the summer of 1883, I paid a visit to some near relatives living in Ida County, Iowa, also visited socially, friends and some relatives, going and returning. These visits were made in connection with one of more *weighty import*, for which I had obtained a minute from Friends of Baltimore Monthly Meeting. "To attend such meetings as came in the way, going and returning; also, if Truth seemed to require it, to appoint some meetings." I set out from Baltimore on the thirty-first of Fifth Month, and attended Center Quarterly Meeting, held at Dunning's Creek, on the first Second-day in Sixth Month. At this meeting we had the acceptable company of William John and Rebecca Thomas, also of Ann Packer and her companions from Ohio, and of Levi K. Brown, who had accompanied them from Deer Creek to this place. Friends of this mountainous region appear much gratified to have strangers come among them; and they spared no pains for our accommodation. The meeting was favored with evidence of Divine life. After it was over, the other visiting Friends left for Genesee Yearly Meeting. I regretted having to part with them, but hoped we were each in the line of our duty. I felt it right to remain awhile with these dear Friends, visiting them in their homes, and sympathizing with some in their afflictions. I made my

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home with Hiram and Mary Ann Blackburn, whose care and kindness will long be remembered.

From here I went to Chicago without company. I did feel a little lonely, but putting myself under the care of our Heavenly Father, I arrived safely after a journey of one day and one night. Having previously written to Jonathan W. Plummer, I found him waiting to convey me to his home, where I enjoyed a sweet rest of body and mind. How cheering and refreshing to the weary, worn traveler, to meet with such as these dear Friends—J. W. P. and his wife, H. A. P. On First-day I attended their meeting, numbering about thirty persons. I was thankful for the feeling sense I had that the good seed sown in the hearts of some had taken root, and that it was bearing the fruits of love, peace and joy ; and I was comforted, too, with the evidence that the dear Master was in our midst, giving ability to offer that which was required. When the meeting closed, the kindly greeting of all present, manifesting love and good will to each other, was pleasant to see.

After enjoying this social feast, I went home with Amanda Marshall, a relative, living ten miles out of the city. She was rejoiced to see one from her native land, and very much enjoyed talking of former friends and old associates, having many years ago

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left them for a western home with her husband. Our mingling brought me into feeling with the many who are scattered over this vast prairie-land, having sought homes far away from kindred ties of youthful days; yet with all their deprivations, they have the assurance that the Heavenly Father is everywhere, and "in his presence there is fulness of joy."

After this interesting visit of several days, I began to look toward going to Ida Grove, Iowa, the place near which my brother's family lived. On my returning to Chicago, J. W. P. informed me that the town of Marshalton was on the way, and if I would stop there, I could rest, and then attend their meeting on First-day. After a little deliberation, I felt easy to go accordingly. Jonathan then kindly wrote to Friends, who met me at the station. I was satisfied that it was rightly ordered for me to be at this meeting, where there were some living members, also some in affliction, who were ministered unto as ability was afforded. I also paid a few social visits, and then proceeded to Ida Grove—a pleasant ride of a few hours—where my niece and nephew came to meet me. I felt truly thankful to be permitted to see my dear sister-in-law and her children once more, after a separation of eight years. I may say our rejoicing was mutual. I stayed with them five weeks,

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and during the time my niece, Mary H. Price, was married to Henry Conard, a member of our meeting. The marriage was accomplished according to our order, which was much admired by some present, who had never before seen any conducted in this manner.

Before leaving the neighborhood, I felt it right to ask the privilege of having a meeting in a school-house, which was readily granted, and the house was filled on First-day afternoon. Though our manner of worship was new to most, the order and quiet which prevailed until the close were very encouraging; and I have the desire (if in Best Wisdom), that others may be drawn to visit this part, as I believe the way would be opened for meetings among these friendly people. The few Friends here have not felt strong enough to have a meeting among themselves.

Believing that the time had arrived for me to turn my face homeward, I took an affectionate leave of those dear to me, with a prospect of attending Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting, to be held on the twelfth of Ninth Month. On the way I stopped at State Center to visit Tryphena Nicholas, a widow living pretty much alone. She is the only member of the Society of Friends residing in that town. It was very satisfactory to have the company of this dear Friend

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in her humble home, who gave so much evidence of her concern for Truth. After passing a day and a night with her, she proposed going with me to her brother's in Marshalton, where we were cordially received. I passed the night with these kind Friends, who, in the morning, accompanied me to the station, where I took the train for West Liberty. Thus favored to be helped along, I arrived before it was dark, and was met by a Friend who had been notified of my coming, and who took me to his house, where I remained over night, and went from there to meeting on First-day morning. Here I was met by Hiram and Rebecca Thomas, with whom I made my home. Having a few days' time before Quarterly Meeting, we visited a few Friends, including some who were not able to get out. For the performance of this little service I felt the reward of peace.

At the Quarter I had the satisfaction of feeling that I was in my place. Ann Packer and Reuben Wilson and daughter were in attendance, being on their return from a visit to their friends farther west, and on their way to Illinois Yearly Meeting. I also went to the Yearly Meeting, and while attending it, made my home with my cousin, William M. Price.

Still waiting to see my way farther, I was favored, as I thought, before the meeting was quite over, with

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sufficient clearness to go to Indiana Yearly Meeting. There being a week between the two, I employed the time visiting some relatives at Sterling, Ill. During this social visit, I had the company of my cousin, Mary Wilson, who lives some miles distant from Sterling.

On Third-day I left with Reuben Wilson and his daughter for Chicago, and after resting two days in that city at the house of Thomas Brown, and feeling deeply grateful for the kindness received from both parents and children, we proceeded to Richmond, Ind., where we made our home with William and Anna Starr. These Friends also were truly kind to us. The closings of both these Yearly Meetings were solemn and impressive ; the table of the Lord had been bountifully spread, and I felt greatly strengthened and encouraged in partaking, with many others, of the rich feast offered by a loving Father, the memory of which cannot be easily erased. I do not feel like saying anything about the *decline* of Society; individuals who are not faithful to known duty may be weakened, and others who allow the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches to choke the precious seed sown in the heart may decline, and may fail of receiving that life which is hid with Christ in God ; but as there have been in every age wit-

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nesses for the Truth, so are there in our day and age; and if I have seen at all in the clearness, there are still in our Society standard-bearers for the blessed cause of Truth and righteousness on earth, and as I humbly trust, judges and counselors will still be raised up, by the power of Infinite Goodness, who will be willing to follow the Divine Master, and thus find that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

After the conclusion of the last Yearly Meeting, I enjoyed a pleasant visit to some relatives living near Milton, Ind., also to some in Cincinnati, Ohio. From the city last named I came to Green Plain, where I joined Ann Packer and her companions, who were on their way to Baltimore Yearly Meeting. We arrived in due time, and in the quiet peace which covered my mind, I felt to praise and adore the Father of all our sure mercies, who had sustained me throughout the journey.

REBECCA PRICE.

Second Month, 1885.

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EPISTLE

TO BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING OF WOMEN FRIENDS.

Beloved Friends:—As I am prevented this time from attending our Yearly Meeting, I find it in my heart to send a greeting of sisterly love and regard. Fervent have been my desires that help, strength and preservation may graciously be extended during the weighty transactions of Society.

Let none falter in their duty, but all willingly cast into the treasury of the Lord such as is given, if it be only the "two mites," remembering that it will be equally acceptable with the offerings of those who have cast in of their abundance, and that it will alike bring the reward of peace; and there may be among you silent burden-bearers, whose lips are sealed for a time. Nevertheless, as these are concerned for the welfare of the Church, their spirits will be felt to add strength to the body, and as they continue in living exercise, they will in due time come forth with the qualification to speak a word in season to refresh and make glad the heritage of God. As all are concerned to dwell in the pure love and life of our Heavenly Father, the seed will be raised into dominion, the weak will be strengthened, the dear aged ones comforted, and the mourners encouraged to lift up their heads in hope. The influence of Divine love per-

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vading the assembly will be, as the Psalmist describes, comparable to the ointment that was poured upon the head of Aaron, "That ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments, as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore." The prevalence of this love will baptize into the oneness which is the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace, and will cause praise to ascend to the Great Giver of all good.

With love unfeigned, I remain your friend,

REBECCA PRICE.

MOUNT PALATINE, ILL., Tenth Month, 1875.

EPISTLE

TO LITTLE BRITAIN MONTHLY MEETING OF MEN AND WOMEN FRIENDS.

Dear Friends:—Since returning from a visit among you, my mind has been turned toward you with renewed desires for your present and eternal welfare, and in the love of our Heavenly Father I have felt constrained to address you, and to bring to your remembrance the exhortation of the beloved Apostle Paul to one of the churches of his day, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable ser-

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vice." Again he exhorted after this manner, "Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works; not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another," etc. Oh, dear friends, let us consider one another, and remember the many mercies of our God, who "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Has not his long-suffering kindness been extended to some of you, wooing and inviting you to come to the true fold of rest, where He would spread over you the covering of his love, and you would be prepared to offer an offering acceptable to the Most High, and not one to be rejected, as Cain's was, because his heart was *not right* in the sight of his Heavenly Father. If all were concerned to dwell in the pure life and wisdom of God, judges would be raised up as at the first, and counselors as at the beginning.

Affectionately, your friend,

REBECCA PRICE.

FALLSTOWN, MD., Second Month 11th, 1877.

EPISTLE

TO BALTIMORE QUARTERLY MEETING OF MEN AND WOMEN FRIENDS.

Dear Friends:—In the fresh flowings of Gospel love I dearly salute you, wishing peace and prosperity for

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you in the unchangeable truth of God, which, as many of you know, is obtained only by passive obedience to the will of the Heavenly Father.

Let none be discouraged who are seeking the way to the heavenly kingdom of rest and peace. "Seek and ye shall find, ask and ye shall receive," are among precious promises recorded, and they will be fulfilled if faithfulness is abode in. In my by-way journeyings to visit meetings, the invalid in his room, and others variously afflicted, in the love of the Heavenly Father, I have found these opportunities to be seasons of comfort to visitors and visited.

I am now among my dear friends in New Jersey, where I feel at home, and towards whom my mind has been drawn for more than a year past. The time for returning is at present hid from me.

Trusting, while watching for the stepping-places, that He who has conducted me thus far will be with me to the finishing of the work required, I remain, affectionately,

Your Friend,

REBECCA PRICE.

Eighth Month 30th, 1869.

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PART III—REFLECTIONS, ETC.

REMINISCENCE.

Although I am now four-score years of age, I do not feel quite easy without attempting, before I pass from this world, to pen a brief summary of my checkered life, intermingled as it has been, with joys and sorrows.

The first requirement by the Divine Father that I felt imperative upon me, was to wear a plain, white handkerchief, with a simple dress, not costly—though I had never dressed in a *gay fashion*, for our dear mother was religiously concerned to restrain her children from the vanities of the world's ways. As I had a prospect of paying a visit at some distance from home, I desired to remain as I was until I returned. But such was not according to the direction of Him who was pointing the way in that which may appear as nonsensical in the eyes of some, but herein let none presume to judge, for I fully believe that this discipline was to bring me under the cross to my own

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will, and subject to the will of my Heavenly Father, who was inviting me from that which was *without to his tender mercies within.* Finding that my peace consisted in being faithful in this matter, I freely yielded, and made the change before going on my visit, and I may say that my peace flowed as a river.

This was at a time when I was, as well as I remember, in my twenty-first year, and I soon felt as a speckled bird among my young associates. No one that I knew then seemed to be called in the same way, and some older persons looked upon me with amazement—my countenance indicating the deep exercise that I was under—and my brother, two years older than myself, was much dissatisfied with my appearance. His displeasure was quite a trial to me at first, for we had grown up together, without a jar that I remember. But after awhile he appeared reconciled, and I was made happy by hearing him say that he believed the first step in religion was to *govern our disposition,* and I knew that he was an example in so doing, so that his company was very pleasant to me.

But a fresh trial awaited me, for the command sounded repeatedly in my spiritual ear that I must *forsake all* for the testimony of Truth and righteousness. So I felt as a little pilgrim alone upon earth,

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except for the company of my good Master, who was near, to comfort me with his living presence, and I verily thought I would do anything to please and serve Him. But when the time came that He gave me a *few words* to say in meeting, I shrunk, through timidity and fear, and though the opening was as clear as any that I have ever had since, I allowed the meeting to break up without my having made the offering. Oh, the danger of disobedience! Dimness and confusion covered my spirit. In my distress I felt as a Jonah, and sought solitary places to pour forth my prayers and tears to Almighty God, making covenant with Him to try, by faithfulness in the future, to make amends, if He would be pleased in mercy to pass by this omission, the result of weakness, and receive me again into favor.

Being thus humbled, a language of Scripture was addressed to my oppressed spirit on this wise, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee," giving me at the same time to understand *this Scripture admonition.* Thou shalt not leave the word of God and serve tables." So it was made plain to me, that only by obedience to the will of my Heavenly Father should I find *true peace.*

I could recount much that I passed through in

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those days, but suffice to say that, being brought into the street called strait, feeling no ability to tell my condition to any one, and health and strength being much reduced, I could see no way to proceed, neither could I turn aside to the right or to the left. Thus was I made willing to yield to the command of the Lord my God, and in his condescending love and goodness, a door of utterance was again opened, and a great care has rested with me ever since, fearing to break the covenant I made in the days of my lamentation and mourning. Now I feel to praise and adore the Power that has enabled me to keep that covenant, sending me forth, from time to time, until I have visited all the Yearly Meetings belonging to our branch of the Society of Friends, and, with a few exceptions, the meetings composing each of them.

The Friends of our meeting perceiving, at least believing, that a gift in the ministry had been conferred upon me, at a suitable time acknowledged the same, and freely granted me certificates to travel in different parts of the vineyard when I felt drawn thereto. Sometimes my concern would be opened in the meeting, and liberty would be granted me to pursue the prospect, without my knowing of any one to accompany me or of means to defray the expenses. But in a little faith that I had given me, the way was

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always provided, so that I could say I lacked nothing. In my journeyings I was concerned to keep near the Divine Guide, who favored me, through much weakness, and often when laboring under physical infirmities, to accomplish that which was required. Sometimes He would lead me into the green pastures and beside the still waters, where I could partake of food to nourish, and of the water of life to refresh the weary soul and strengthen it to pursue its journey heavenward.

Before being received into the Select Meeting, I did not feel at liberty to go about to attend meetings other than those to which I belonged; but very soon after being admitted into that body I felt an obligation resting upon me to visit the families of our own Monthly Meeting. As one duty performed makes way for another, so was I called at different times to visit families generally throughout our Yearly Meeting, and I feel it right to say that Friends were very kind and helpful to me. This kind of religious labor, though abasing to the creature, often brought us near together in spirit.

In the year 1868 a concern came upon me to visit the families belonging to New York Monthly Meeting. This, at first, was as death to the creaturely part. I thought I could not get up those high steps,

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and go from house to house, among strangers, unknown as I was. But if I turned from the concern, or even hesitated, the suffering that would follow was as fire shut up in my bones. Oh, I felt so little to go to that great city; but, after trying the fleece, and finding no excuse would suffice, I said in my heart, "The Master sends me, and I will go—whether I am permitted to live, or whether I must die; whether I am to be received, or whether refused." When all had been given up—body, soul and spirit—on the night previous to entering upon the work, as I lay awake under deep exercise, the blessed Master, ever kind, spake forcibly to my understanding in these words, "I will take thee through, and the smell of fire shall not be found upon thy garments." This promise was fully verified, the way being made in the hearts of the people, broader and wider, until *all* the families had been visited, to the peace of my own mind, and I trust, to the praise of Him who sends by whom He will send. My peace was of that character which all that is of this world can neither give nor take away. And now I feel to say, for the encouragement of others who may be under a like exercise, that there is nothing to fear in obeying the known will of our Heavenly Father, who continues to be strength in our weak-

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ness, and a present help in the needful time. Blessed forever be his holy name.

REBECCA PRICE.

1885.

SIGNIFICANT DREAMS.

George Fox says: "Removing to another place I came among a people that relied much on dreams. I told them except they could distinguish between dream and dream, they would confound all together; for there were three sorts of dreams: multitude of business sometimes caused dreams; and there were whisperings of Satan in man in the night season; and there were speakings of God to man in dreams."

I have felt to record some significant dreams which I have had at different times, feeling that they were sealed with instruction to myself, and possibly others may gain something from them.

The first noticeable one that I had was about the time when I felt called from a dependence upon that which is human to the great Teacher within. It was in my sleep during the night that I saw before the front door of my father's house two grave-looking men, Friends—dressed in a plain garb, such as old-fashioned Friends wore—quietly cleaning *around* the

NOTE.—Her companion on this visit was that worthy elder, Hannah A. Price, the wife of her brother Mordecai Price.

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door, and on the wood-work of it, until every particle of dirt was removed. How clean and nice it did look. They then went to the two side-windows, and worked silently on in the same way. As, from the windows above, I viewed them in their operations, I at length put out my head and called to them, "What are you doing here?" They answered, "Let every man clean away from his own door." This instruction has remained with me ever since; and I have often thought of the example that was presented to me in the dream; and that if it was followed, though only by one here and another there, it would give light to those around, corresponding with the precept of our Saviour, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

The second dream or vision which I had, was a considerable time after the other. It appeared to me that I was crossing the ocean, alone, on a *single plank*, and that I must stand very firm and upright; for if I did not, but leaned to the right or to the left, I should be likely to fall over, and be swallowed up by the mighty ocean. As I sailed slowly along I felt great awe, but at length I reached the land in safety. I then saw a steep, rugged ascent that must be climbed before I could get on to firm ground. I did not, how-

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ever, feel uneasy on this account, for I saw a number of Friends—some of whom I knew—solemnly watching me as I came to land, so I supposed they would assist me; but they did not either move or stir, thus leaving me to make the climb unaided: I did so, and was happy in getting up on the broad plain.

Read this, who can understand it.

Another night-vision—if it may be so called—I had at a more recent date. In my sleep I saw that I was consigned to be burned to death, and being within closed walls, I could see no way of escape. I saw the fire kindled, and the flames reaching almost to the ceiling, and it seemed as if I could feel the heat from it. While I was standing still, awaiting my fate, and expecting the fire that I saw blazing soon to reach me, *a door opened wide*, seemingly of its own accord—for I saw no person—and I walked out, when I heard a voice, as if spoken outwardly, saying, "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

With this I awoke; and with the heavenly feeling of peace which I enjoyed, I silently praised and adored the God of Heaven and earth for his loving kindness.

Now, that my life is drawing toward the shades of evening, I desire, if there be anything more for me

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to do, that I may finish the work; for I have often craved to have it, in my measure, completed; and to be ready when called home—if worthy—to enter a mansion of rest in the dear Father's kingdom, where I may join the loved ones in those realms where trials never come, and where sorrow is no more.

REBECCA PRICE.

Written the first day of Ninth Month, 1885.

In connection with the foregoing I have thought to furnish some matter penned by myself, as it has occurred from time to time. In doing so, I have nothing to boast of; far from it; for I feel that which precludes all boasting, and desire to select only that which may be a strength to those who are seeking the truth, in the life of it; and I am encouraged to make these records by a dear, tender Friend who has said to me, "Don't leave anything out that will do us any good."

REBECCA PRICE.

1856.—Fourth Mo. 8th.—"I have labored in vain, I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain: yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." I now feel an easy mind, in leaving all to Him who knoweth the heart, though in endeavoring to be faithful to apprehended duty, I allowed

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some discouragement and doubt to arise in my mind, until a little light broke forth, and the above passage of Scripture presented with so much clearness as to disperse the cloud which had hung over me. With the inshining of this heavenly light, I felt a desire pervade my inmost soul, for all who are called to minister the word of life unto the people, that they may be faithful to the revealings of the Father, keeping the eye single, instead of looking at what others say or do; for such looking will draw them away from the true line of safety and dependence.

10th.—This morning I remembered that our Saviour trod the wine press alone, and that the servant is not greater than his Lord. So, if we follow in his footsteps, we shall be content to be where He is; and shall rejoice that we are accounted worthy to suffer with Him, trusting, if we so abide in faith and patience, that we may be permitted to arise with Him into newness of life, and be strengthened for the service required at our hands.

25th.—I awoke this morning with the desire to be preserved, feeling poor, and unable to help myself, when the language presented, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob . . I will help thee;" and I thought What more can I ask? May I cheerfully endure whatever thou seest meet in order for my farther refinement,

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or to qualify for any little service thou callest for. When meeting time came, I joined the few there assembled, and the Master was felt to be near for our refreshment and comfort. I felt it right for me to give expression to that which presented, which was that strength does not consist in numbers, but in being gathered in our minds to the Source of all good so that the Bread of life may be dispensed. The experience of Elijah the prophet was brought livingly into view, when under great discouragement he sat under a juniper tree and requested for himself that he might die. But while he was in this low state, ready to faint and give out, Divine compassion was near, food was prepared, and an angel touched him saying "Arise and eat," and he went "in the strength of that meat" a forty days' journey.

Sixth Month, 1856.

While riding a few miles, in this early part of summer, my mind was deeply impressed by the beauty and the fragrance of the clover fields in full bloom. These interspersed with other fields and with lofty forests, also the little streams of water meandering through the meadows, and the sweet songsters giving forth their notes of praise, all tended to raise my thoughts to the Giver of all good, with the desire

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that the human family might, by loving and obeying Him, be enabled to breathe forth the anthem, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." Then, instead of disputes, hard thoughts and hard words, love and harmony would prevail, and there would be known the condition spoken of by Isaiah, of the wolf dwelling with the lamb, etc. "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." In view of the subject presented, the reflection has been that we must experience this good work wrought in us individually, and that if we are faithful to the guidings of the Spirit of Truth within our own hearts, we shall know Jerusalem as a quiet habitation; a state of mind which the agitations from without cannot disturb. But while the potsherds of the earth strive with each other, we shall evince by our example that we are the followers of the blessed Jesus, for our light will *so* shine before men that they will have *cause* to glorify our Father which is in heaven.

REBECCA PRICE.

Tenth Month, 1856.

Everywhere, and in all things am I instructed. My mind has been led into serious contemplation on viewing the changes in the face of Nature. The foliage

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a short time ago so rich and beautiful is now fast falling to the ground, reminding me that these frail tabernacles must decay, and return to their native element, the dust. Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, each has its lesson for us. The Autumn is now upon us, and it is the season for gathering in the products of the earth. Happy, thrice happy, will it be for those who are prepared when done with time to be gathered into the heavenly garner as grain that is matured.

There can be no greater consolation to those who have turned their faces Zionward, no greater encouragement to press forward, than to be at times permitted to partake of the joys promised to the faithful.

These can comprehend the truth of the testimony that they who have left all to follow Christ, receive an hundred fold in *this life*, and the promise of life everlasting in the world to come. Though affliction may be meted out to us, or pain and sickness assail the frail tabernacle, yet the mind that is thus favored is left free to soar on high, and to adore the great Father of the Universe. Thanksgiving and praise are offered from the altar of the heart to Him who looks from his sanctuary, and reveals his will to his depending children, giving ability to do that which He requires; even as we are obedient, not seeking for our-

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selves great things, but attending to our respective gifts, and not permitting anything to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

REBECCA PRICE.

Fifth Month, 1859.

In view of the display of Divine power the Psalmist exclaimed, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas." But when man rebels against the light which shines in his heart, and the voice of wisdom speaking there, not having his propensities kept under the control of the Divine government, he falls below the dignified station intended for him to fill by an all-wise Creator.

REBECCA PRICE.

Fifth Month, 14th.—After awaking this morning and turning my mind inward, this Scriptural promise

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presented: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." This encouraged me to wait upon Him that I may know what to do, and where, and when, and how. Thus the Scriptures, as the Apostle testifies, are profitable "for instruction in righteousness;" for when in the openings of pure light and wisdom they are unfolded to our understanding, we can set our seal to the truth of them, seeing the mercy and goodness of an All-wise Being, instructing his children in various ways.

Not dated.—The latter part of this Summer I received a fall which dislocated my wrist, and broke one of the bones of the arm. In this affliction I desire to commemorate the goodness of Him whom, in my small measure, I have endeavored to serve; for very present and near did he appear at this time; insomuch that I could exclaim, in the language of the poet,

"When all thy mercies, oh, my God!
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise."

At other times passages of Holy Scripture would arise spontaneously: such as, "In thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." This has been verified in my exper-

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ience; for though trials many, and variously dispensed have been my portion, yet I feel not to record *them* so much as to make mention of the loving kindness of Him, our beneficent Creator, who makes way for those who trust in Him. "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."

First Month, 1860.

How fleeting is time! Ceaseless it moves on. Days, months and years glide along almost imperceptibly, bringing us nearer and nearer to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns," verifying the Scripture declaration that our life "is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

When our hearts are imbued with the love of our Father in Heaven, and the light of Truth unfolds to our understanding things as they really are, and shows what pertains to our eternal happiness, how trivial appears every mundane enjoyment compared with laying up treasure in heaven, how *less or worse than trivial* appear strife and contention, which so much corrode the human heart and embitter the sweets of life. Surely we have no time for *such things* while we are surrounded by evidences that here we have

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no continuing city. The pale messenger invades all ranks and conditions and summons the human family, one by one, to their eternal abode. Some are called in the bloom of youth, others in the vigor and usefulness of life, and some there are who linger to old age, all proclaiming the warning, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." Oh, precious time! Given to man to work out his soul's salvation! May we all be diligent therein, doing the will of our Heavenly Father, and knowing by living experience that "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." When thus redeemed from the spirit of the world, its strifes and contentions, we may realize what it is to enjoy the precious privilege of sitting each one under his vine and his fig-tree, where none can disturb or make him afraid, having the blessed hope that beyond this changing scene of trials and conflicts there is prepared for the righteous a mansion of rest in that glorious city whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise.

REBECCA PRICE.

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REFLECTIONS WHEN ON A SICK-BED.

As I awoke early one morning, the following text of Scripture was presented to my mind, "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples," and I was led into a train of reflection concerning the nature and kind of fruit that would produce such a glorious result. To my understanding it appeared to be simply the Spirit of Truth operating upon our spirits—as we become willing subjects thereof, without human mixture or intervention—and that no flesh can glory in his presence.

While thus pondering I was taken back to the days of my youth, when in my father's family lived a colored man named Luke. His hair was silvered with age, and he had passed through trials which might have been the means of sanctifying his heart. While memory remains to me, I can never forget his placid face and his whole demeanor, which exemplified the fruit of the Spirit—love, gentleness, kindness, meekness, faith and long-suffering. When he had carefully performed the duties of the day and was quietly sitting by the kitchen fire, I have sometimes stood by him and read a lesson of instruction, without a word being uttered by either of us. I think I may safely say, that in all the experience of my life, I have not known any one whose manner and deportment have

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left a deeper and more lasting impression upon my mind than have those of this sable son of Africa. He could not read, but was learned in the school of Christ, and thus it was that he bore the fruit of righteousness, and thereby glorified our Father which is in Heaven.

I trust that his redeemed spirit now mingles with the just—of all generations—made perfect, for truly he proved that "Example preaches louder than precept." Oh, saith my spirit, for living examples of righteousness, proving what is acceptable unto the Lord!

REBECCA PRICE.

First Month, 1866.

A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

I record this morning my deep-felt gratitude for the favor of a little light granted unto me, for it has been the earnest prayer of my heart that I may be guided aright in the important mission upon which I am about to enter.

I have obtained a minute to attend Genesee Yearly Meeting and some of the meetings within its limits; also some of those belonging to New York Yearly Meeting, to be taken in the way, going and returning.

Although I have felt as one blind respecting a com-

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panion to go with me, or how I may get along, a grain of faith has been vouchsafed, trusting that He who appoints his own work will make a way for its accomplishment, and, in his wisdom, provide all that is necessary and right, that He alone may be glorified.

REBECCA PRICE.

Fifth Month, 1866.

"Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."—(Matt. xxiii : 12.)

This testimony of Jesus is fully exemplified in the case of King Nebuchadnezzar, who in his kingly power rose to great eminence, and became exalted in mind. We read in the fourth chapter of the Book of Daniel that, at a certain time "He walked in the palace of the kingdom of Babylon," and "the King spake and said, Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" "While the word was in the king's mouth there fell a voice from Heaven, saying, O king Nebuchadnezzar to thee it is spoken; The kingdom is departed from thee," etc, according to the dream he had and the interpretation given by the Prophet Daniel.

In the sequel it appears, after he had suffered all the appointed time, and was truly humbled, in the mercy of Infinite Goodness, his kingdom was restored,

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and excellent majesty was added unto him. Then he could praise, extol and honor the King of Heaven, and could acknowledge that He is able to abase him that walketh in pride.

While I was pondering upon this subject the invitation of the Divine Master was brought to mind, where He says, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls: for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Now if we would so learn, and would bow our necks to the yoke of Christ, accepting his gracious and loving offer, would it not free us from our bondage of the love of the world, from undue ambition and pride, from avarice and covetousness, and from every other evil. Yea, it would translate us into the kingdom of God, which "is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost,"—and if we abide in this kingdom, it will prepare us—when done with the checkered scenes of this life—for a mansion of rest in the Heavenly Father's Kingdom.

REBECCA PRICE.

Fourth Month, 1873.

A RETROSPECT.

As I am now approaching my seventieth year, it seems meet to take a retrospective view of my long

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life. In doing so, I perceive some misses—both omissions and commissions;—but I can say with the Psalmist that I have not wilfully departed from the law of my God. On a close inspection I cannot discover anything recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life to mar my peace; and while, like the apostle, I have nothing to boast of save weakness, "and glory not, but in mine infirmities," I have to testify to the many mercies and preservations I have experienced through the trials and changing scenes of this life. And now, oh Holy Father! Thou who hast been with me, oft making a way where to outward view there appeared to be none, wilt Thou be pleased to be with me the few remaining years that may be allotted me on earth, and enable me to finish the work Thou hast given me to do.

Thou knowest, oh Heavenly Father! the covenant that I made with Thee in the days of my youth, when under the baptism of thy spirit, and of fire that refines; that if Thou would give me food to eat and raiment to put on; would be with me on going forth, and would bring me back in peace,—I would serve Thee with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. All this covenant have I kept, with the acknowledgment of thy loving kindness in enabling the poor instrument to do thy will, though oft in much weakness,

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and under a sense of its being imperfectly performed. But Thou who knowest altogether the hearts of thy children, and who art touched with the feeling of our infirmities, dost still condescend to be with thy depending ones, gently leading them along; and as Thou hast been with me in the morning of my day, and through succeeding changes, may I petition Thee to be with me in the evening that is close upon me, and hold me fast in thy keeping; that when the close shall come, I may be permitted an entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven, there to praise Thee who art worthy forever.

REBECCA PRICE.

Seventh Month, 1880.

After attending the recent Yearly Meetings of New York and Genesee, and noting the kindly greetings, and the affectionate farewells with tearful eyes at parting; I thought it might be said now as formerly, "See the Quakers, how they love one another." Not only were there sweet minglings in social and in religious fellowship, but in the transaction of the business there was a careful waiting for the guidings of Best Wisdom; so that in both of these Yearly Meetings condescension and harmony prevailed, and at the close of each we were favored with a precious

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covering, and with the feeling that it was good to be there.

In the pleasant remembrance of the banquet we shared with dear, loving Friends at those meetings, the desire has arisen that that love which is the badge of discipleship may increase and abound in our beloved Society, in all places, keeping in view the apostolic injunction to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

If such were our condition there would be a flocking to us as doves to the windows; for our light would shine as a candle upon the candlestick, and give light to all around. Then, in all humility and tenderness, by example and by precept, would not the invitation go forth, "Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

REBECCA PRICE.

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"Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

"In patience possess ye your souls."

In the daily round of duties, in the trials we more or less meet with, in sickness and in health, and in all the varied experiences that come to us, let there be a keeping of the word of patience; for it will fortify the mind to endure those things which "work together for good to them that love God."

May the tired and afflicted lift up their heads in hope, trusting in the Lord, who in his own good time will give the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

REBECCA PRICE.

1881.

"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."—(Gal. vi: 1.)

This advice of the Apostle Paul to the Galatians has, at different times, arrested my attention, with the thought that it might be profitable for us in this our day to consider and ponder over, showing as it does that it is in the spirit of meekness, and under Divine influence we can receive ability for the help of those who, through want of watchfulness, may have fallen into error.

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When we reflect that if we are not attentive to the inward Guide, which preserves from right hand and from left-hand errors, we also may be tempted and drawn aside from the path of rectitude, should not such reflection teach us to deal gently with one another, to "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." Oh, may we keep in the meek spirit of the Lamb, the Immaculate Son of God, which qualifies for service and fits us to be helpers one of another, obtaining the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, comparable to "the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion;" for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.

REBECCA PRICE.

Fifth Month 29th, 1882.

"Let your moderation appear unto all men."

This Scriptural injunction, so worthy of our observance, is in accord with a Query, of which it is probably the basis, in our excellent Discipline, "Do Friends observe moderation and temperance on all occasions?"

How beautiful it is to behold the moderation of those who are restrained by the limitations of Truth in their temporal concerns and in all the affairs of life. Though trials may and do come, yet they will

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not interfere with the peace of him whose mind is stayed upon God, and whose building is upon the Rock against which storms may beat, but which they cannot shake. As these pass through the world their garments will appear to be humility and love, and the borders thereof true moderation.

REBECCA PRICE.

Seventh Month 20th, 1882.

"Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

Many can testify to the truth of the wise king's proverb. Especially is this the case with the sick and afflicted and those whose minds are wont to droop at times. How these have been cheered by the presence of a friend extending the hand of sympathy and kindness, which has been as a brook by the way for the refreshment of the weary traveler. This is a busy world, but still there is time enough for all right things, and we shall find opportunity to do them, if only we are followers of Him who went about doing good.

May we, dear friends, in the simplicity of Truth, be faithful to the monitions of duty, however small they may appear, and thus secure the peace which flows from obedience, being clothed with the charity that thinketh no evil, and having our hearts filled

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with love to God and love to man, we shall prove to be one another's helpers in the Lord.

REBECCA PRICE.

Seventh Month 20th, 1882.

"It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

We have ample proof concerning this testimony of the prophet Jeremiah, for we find that there have been many mistakes and failures in past ages, as well as in more recent times.

Let us turn to the Book of Genesis, to the eleventh chapter, and there find that there were those in that early period who attempted to carry out a plan of their own devising, and who said one to another, "Let us make brick and burn them thoroughly; let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth. And the Lord came down to see the tower which the children of men had builded." And though He did not restrain them from that which they purposed doing, He confounded their language, so that they understood not one another's speech. "So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth, and they left off to build the city. Therefore is the name of it called Babel," which means confusion.

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At a later date, many centuries after this, we find in the New Testament, one said, "I go a-fishing;" and others said, "We also go with thee." So, without waiting for instruction, they went forth and entered immediately into a ship, and "that night they caught nothing." When morning came, Jesus, having compassion on them, said, "Children, have ye any meat?" and having answered Him, "No," they were then prepared to receive instruction. So He told them to "cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find." They obeyed, and were rewarded with abundance of fishes; as we find recorded in the twenty-first chapter of St. John.

These two instances may suffice to show that the way of man is not in himself, but that wisdom is profitable to direct. It is comforting to know that there are many who are concerned to walk in wisdom's ways, and who, by example and by precept, say unto others, "Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, and He will teach us his ways, and we will walk in his paths."

REBECCA PRICE.

Second Month, 1883.

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"Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom."

As my spirit has been led in love and sympathy to greet those who are concerned to obey the requirings of their Heavenly Father, wherever their lot may be cast, the above loving words of our Saviour came to mind, conveying encouragement to the meek and lowly ones who may feel little in their own sight, and ready to say as Gideon of old, "Behold my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house." But these are cared for by the Good Shepherd who will shelter them from the rain and from the storm.

Therefore, may the little flock who are engaged in the Lamb's warfare be encouraged to press on in faithfulness to every known duty; for by this faithfulness their strength will be increased, and ability will be given them to rise above every hindering thing that may have appeared to be in their way.

REBECCA PRICE.

Fifth Month, 1883.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due time we shall reap if we faint not."

This apostolic advice has impressed me with the thought that it may apply *now* to those who are struggling in the battle of the warfare of life, and

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who at times are ready to faint and give out by the way. In tender sympathy my spirit greets such, reminding them of the invitation of our blessed Saviour, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

How sweet it is to know through every trial permitted to come upon us, that if faithful to the little duties presented from day to day, we may reap the reward of peace: and no less precious is it to feel that our Heavenly Father, knowing our frame, remembers that we are dust. He will enable all that trust in Him to hold on their way in faith that "All things work together for good to them that love Him, and are called according to his purpose."

REBECCA PRICE.

Ninth Month, 1884.

"Let her alone, she hath done what she could."

The deeply interesting account that we have in the fourteenth chapter of St. Mark has impressed my mind with the feeling that it would be right to bring it into view. I believe there are many, up and down in the world, who are endeavoring to do the best they can in the circumstances in which they are placed, and yet they may be complained of by others, as was the case with the woman spoken of.

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But so long as they have the approval of the Divine Master within themselves they need not fear, for at times they will hear his voice, speaking in the secret of the soul, saying, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

REBECCA PRICE.

Eleventh Month, 1884.

EQUALITY.

"The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of all."

How true it is that we all come to the same level when "man goeth to his long home," when dust returns "to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God, who gave it."

While reflecting upon this subject a testimony of the prophet Jeremiah presented to view, "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might. Let not the rich man glory in his riches. But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me; that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth, for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." Oh, let us not glory in the fame of the warrior, in

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the might and wisdom of man, nor in the accumulation of riches, nor in any of the things that perish with using; but give unto the Lord the glory due to his name, to his power, his wisdom and his goodness. As we come under the influence of his government, we shall learn the lesson of brotherly kindness, which is indeed full of mercy and of good fruits. We shall also experience a peace that the world cannot take from us, and when the angel of death comes to our abode we shall fear no evil, believing that a mansion of rest awaits the regenerated children of our Heavenly Father, in that city whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise.

REBECCA PRICE.

Eighth Month, 1885.

"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Can there be any rational being who does not wish to become heir to the kingdom of heaven? How can any one be indifferent to the worth of such an inheritance? Now, the pathway which leads to this kingdom is so plain, so simple, that the wayfaring man, though a fool (as to worldly wisdom), shall not err therein. How can we be sufficienly thankful to our Heavenly Father for having written his law upon our hearts that we may understand what we

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should do, and what we should leave undone? Thanks be unto God for the gift of his Holy Spirit to direct us in the way by which we should go. As we keep the eye single to his directions and our will obedient thereto, He will preserve us amid the trials of life, and keep us, as the apple of his eye, from all evil; for who shall harm us if we be followers of that which is good?

While I thus write, my sympathy goes out to the tried and afflicted of all classes. Some there are in the street called strait, others are mourning over dear departed ones, and some are languishing on beds of sickness. But in every condition it is good to remember that there is balm in Gilead. There is a Physician there, and if we patiently wait and humbly ask, He will not fail in his own time, to pour in the oil and the wine for our healing and consolation. Then let none be discouraged, but all press forward, improving the talents given, whether one, two or five, and the blessed reward will be, "Well done, good and faithful servant. . . . . Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

REBECCA PRICE.

Eleventh Month, 1885.

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"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

As like begets like, many have known, in the course of their lives, the influence of kindness and gentleness, and, by being "kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another," we find a full measure of the same is often returned, bringing with it sweet unity and the fellowship of feeling. On the other hand, if there is an unkind bearing in word or deed toward one another, the measure thus meted will foster the spirit of retaliation, and in like manner be returned, unless the recipient of the unkindness be governed by the example of our Divine Master, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, ... but committed himself to Him who judgeth righteously. How many heart-aches and tears might be spared if we were at all times careful and watchful not to "hurt the oil and the wine" in any, and especially in the dear children, whom we should seek for ability to supply with food that would strengthen their tender hearts to good, so that when they asked for bread we would not give them a stone. If the guardians of the precious lambs of the flock *do* humbly ask, they may receive a qualification to train them in virtue and goodness, that they would be as olive-plants round

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about the table, and would be clothed with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price.

REBECCA PRICE.

Twelfth Month 1885.

[Friend's "Intelligencer and Journal."]

A FRIEND'S FUNERAL.

After reading the obituary notice of E. W. Babcock, printed some time since, I felt at once that something more was wanting: but owing to indisposition I have been prevented from attending to it at an earlier period.

I have deemed it worthy of note that in the distant land of Ida County in Iowa, where there is no meeting of Friends, and but few membere are there, that the family were favored to have the funeral conducted in accordance with our testimony of waiting upon the Divine Father in solemn silence for the renewal of strength.

We were informed that there was a very large assemblage of friendly people, and among them different sects of profession. Perhaps I cannot better describe the occasion than in the words of an editor of a local paper. After alluding to the manner of Quakers, he says, "We sat in deep silence for the space of one half hour; then one of the Friends offered a

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prayer, after which the mother made a few remarks touching the good qualities of her daughter, and [stating] how happy [she was] and [how] willing to go; and after a few moments more of silence the last look was taken of the dear one who was followed by the company to the graveyard, and laid by her beloved father."

As this account was comforting to myself, I thought that others, concerned for the uplifting of our testimonies, would also be gratified to know of it.

REBECCA PRICE.

Fourth Month 15th, 1886.

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."—(I Thes. v: 21.)

This Scripture admonition has presented itself to the view of my mind, bringing with it the account of the experience of King Solomon. We find it recorded that he was permitted to try very many things which his heart desired, and after he had *proved* them he acknowledged them to be "vanity and vexation of spirit." After many such trials he was prepared to say, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

Surely this is the one thing needful, and the *good part* which (as we read in the New Testament) Mary

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had chosen, and which the Master said should not be taken away from her.

May we, dear friends, ever be mindful to choose *this good part*, to bless and comfort us through trials, and through the many changing scenes of this probationary state; so that, when done with time, we may be prepared to enter the gates of Paradise to unite with dear ones gone before, in praises to Him who sitteth upon the Throne.

REBECCA PRICE.

Tenth Month, 1886.

"Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Reflecting upon this text, the query arose, *Why is it so?* It is not because so many among the mass of mankind prefer the broadway which leads to destruction, not being willing to deny self, to take up the cross, and to follow their Divine Master? Such a following would lead them away from everything that would arrest the progress of their journey Zionward, and would abilitate them to enter in at the strait gate, and to walk in the narrow way that leads to *life*, even to *that life* which is hid with Christ in God. But when we look abroad and behold the multitude, we see them eagerly pursuing the things of this world; and especially those that make for

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riches. While it is right to provide for the comforts of life in moderation, yet there are some who appear to "pursue the world with steps as steady as Time, and with an appetite as keen as death."

Others appear to trifle away their time in the follies and vanities of the world, and to become engrossed in the unprofitable amusements which are set before them; not seeming to consider that before they are aware of it the pale messenger may be sent to call them away from the scenes of this life, to the entrance upon a never-ending eternity. Then will the trivialities of earth dwindle into insignificance, and the awful realities of the future loom up in all their magnitude.

Far be it from me to judge the hearts of my fellow-creatures, but a concern has rested with me for the welfare of the human family, that we all go down into the deepest recesses of our souls and see if the record stands fair in the sight of Heaven.

" 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours, and ask them what report they 've offered up to Heaven; and how they might have borne more welcome news."

And oh, ye burden-bearers who have "borne the burden and heat of the day," under the Cross of Christ, hold fast, letting neither heights nor depths,

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things past nor present, "separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord." Hold fast, I entreat you, and you will be preserved to the end of your journey when you will be admitted into that glorious city which needeth not the light of the sun by day, nor of the moon by night, for the Lord God and the Lamb is the light thereof.

REBECCA PRICE.

Twelfth Month, 1886.

"What fruit had ye in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?"

This is a query which may come home, perhaps, to many of us, for there are few who, in turning over the leaves of their experience, cannot see some mistakes, some omissions of duty and some commissions of error to regret. But let us remember "if the ministration of condemnation be glory, how much doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory." If we are favored with the light of Truth to see where and what our misses were, and are willing to turn to accept the invitation to go and labor in the vineyard of the Lord, we shall realize that "the works of righteousness are peace, and the effect thereof is quietness and assurance forever."

My spirit goes forth to every tried, tempted and

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discouraged, but still *seeking* soul, that they no longer linger unprofitably on the past, but press toward "The mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus our Lord."

REBECCA PRICE.

Twelfth Month, 1886.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth."—(II Tim. ii: 15.)

These words of the Apostle have in my quiet moments arrested my attention, bringing to mind the loving invitation of the blessed Master, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Come, oh, come, and learn of Him who is the best of Teachers, teaching the truth of God and the way to his kingdom, a state of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Herein is realized the true rest which has the approval of God. Those who have attained it are workmen that need not be ashamed, for they are able to divide the word aright, not putting darkness for light, or light for darkness; not calling evil good, or good evil; not mistaking bitter for sweet, or sweet

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for bitter; but they clearly discern things as they really are, by the inshining of the Divine Light by which the Most High reveals his secrets in the hearts of his obedient children. "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

REBECCA PRICE.

Fourth Month, 1887.

"God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble." "For thus saith the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose Name is holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."

Should not these blessed promises stimulate and strengthen us to be willing to dwell in the valley of humiliation, where we are safe under the protecting care of the Heavenly Father, where the enemies of the soul's peace are kept out and where lies the dew that invigorates the part which never dies.

The Holy Scriptures teem with the gracious promises of our kind Heavenly Parent to the poor in spirit and to the humble in heart, "But to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit and trembleth at my word."

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May we more and more turn from the lofty imaginations of our minds and from all that would harm or destroy, and learn of Him who is meek and lowly in heart, and who will teach us lessons of humility, of gentleness, of forgiveness and of loving one another. Thus we may individually experience the fulfillment of the prophecy, "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

It is comforting to believe that there are many who are striving to attain this happy condition, and that they hunger and thirst for it more than for corn, oil or wine.

REBECCA PRICE.

Eighth Month, 1887.

"Keep silence before me, O islands; and let the people renew their strength: let them come near; then let them speak: let us come near together to judgment."

How often we feel tossed, as with a tempest, on the waves of the sea, so that we can preserve our strength only by keeping silence before the Lord. It is only in this state of silence that we can availingly speak, or properly judge of that which is the mind and will of Him who has his way in the sea, and his path in the mighty waters; but whose footsteps cannot be discerned by *human* perception.

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When trials beset us on the right hand and on the left, when the spiritual vision can behold only clouds and darkness, let us remember that such discipline is dispensed to us for a season to try our fidelity; and if we will only abide in the quiet, patiently waiting the Father's time—which is the right time—He will, as in days of old—scatter the clouds, and cause the Sun of Righteousness to break forth with healing in his wings, giving us light to move forward, by the power of the Infinite Jehovah.

Tenth Month, 1887.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! it is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments."

How strikingly does this represent the unbounded love of God, which reaches far and wide, and embraces all who are willing to come under its blessed influence! These realize it to be "as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore." Oh, dearly beloved friends and people, let us cherish it more than aught besides, that we may be the children of our Father in Heaven, and be numbered with the wise virgins who were diligent in procuring oil in their vessels, and who had their lamps

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trimmed and burning, so that when the Bridegroom came they were prepared to enter with Him into eternal rest.

How beautiful, how strengthening, how encouraging thus to view—spiritually—vessels filled with the love of God, adorned with the light of Heaven, and *giving light* to those around them. Such by their *life and conduct* give out the invitation, "Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." Such as accept this invitation, shall know a peace that the world with all its show and glitter of promise can never give; nor with its frowns or its adversity ever take away.

REBECCA PRICE.

Third Month 1st, 1888.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Hear, O Israel, the statutes and judgments which I speak in your ears this day, that ye may learn them, and keep and do them . . . . . And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house,

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and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thine house, and on thy gates."

In the many years that I have been permitted to live I have often been thoughtful and exercised in regard to the proper treatment of children. While sensible that there are and have been many qualified for the important and interesting duty of training the young, and endeavoring to guide their feet in the right path, I have felt impressed to write for the encouragement of all parents, and to call their attention to the above quotations from Holy Scripture. This unabated care and concern, in the love of the Heavenly Father, cannot fail to influence the tender and susceptible minds of the precious children, teaching them not only to obey their parents in the Lord, but also to obey the voice of the Divine Spirit which speaks within the heart saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." And no greater joy can parents have than to see their children walking in the way pointed out by the goodness of a loving Father, which walking brings that sweet peace which the world can neither give nor take away, and which prepares them,

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when called from all earthly scenes to dwell with purified spirits in the realms of bliss.

REBECCA PRICE.

Fourth Month, 1888.

"Wash ye, make you clean: put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Come now, and let us reason together saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

These gracious promises have, at different times, been presented to my view, with the impression given to write them down for the help and encouragement of those who may have strayed from the path of rectitude, and have not obtained the peace which the soul at times craves.

Wash ye, under the baptizing power of the Spirit of God within, by which the work of regeneration is carried on, and continued until all old things are done away, and all things become new; new heavens and a new earth; and that peace which passeth the human understanding is realized.

Many, very many, in the course of their lives discover some errors and short comings for want of watchfulness and the spirit of prayer,—but the mercy

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of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting and will not fail those who are willing to return, repent and live. In the exercise I have felt for the welfare of my fellow-creatures, I have been constrained to offer these few reflections, which, happily, may find a lodging place in the minds of some who are seeking for hidden treasure, even the pearl of great price. I am concerned that all these may find what they are seeking for; that they may know a being sustained by an Omnipotent Power through all the trials of life, and having the soul immortal (when it shall have left the body) borne to the Heavenly Kingdom to unite with the redeemed who surround the throne, giving praises to God, throughout the endless ages of eternity.

REBECCA PRICE.

Sixth Month, 1888.

"Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all unerstanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." – (Phil. iv: 6, 7.)

This peace spoken of by the Apostle is obtained by obedience to Christ, the Power of God and the Wisdom of God. It was this power which dwelt in the *prepared body* of the holy Jesus, and made Him one

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with the Father, for He says distinctly, "I and my Father are one." And in no other way can we be united to Him and be worthy to be called the sons of God than by following the example of Him who said, "I can of mine own self do nothing; as I hear, I judge, and my judgment is just, because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me." "Believe me, I am in the Father, and the Father in me, or else believe me for the very works' sake." Thus the glory of his Father rested upon and qualified Him to finish his work, and He is now set down at the right hand of the Father, where "He now liveth to make intercession for us."

REBECCA PRICE.

Tenth Month, 1890.

"Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me."

These expressions were uttered by David from deep experience of the washing of regeneration, and of its cleansing and purifying operations. "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings; and He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear it, and shall trust in the Lord."

Thus we see the unbounded goodness of a gracious

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God to erring mortals when they repent and implore forgiveness. But in order to *be forgiven* they must *forgive those* who have trespassed against them; and having granted this forgiveness to our brother and experienced the forgiveness of a gracious God, we shall know the experience of the Psalmist to be *our* experience, and when the time shall come for us to part with our bodies, then may the soul find a mansion of rest in that city whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise.

REBECCA PRICE.

Tenth Month, 1890.

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. He keepeth all his bones, not one of them is broken."—(Ps. xxxiv: 19, 20.)

This gracious promise, recorded in Holy Writ, is verified by those of every age and generation who are faithful to the light of Truth within. This light manifests with clearness those things that are right for them to do, also those things they should not do. Though these meet with trials and afflictions, they are sustained by the "everlasting arms" that are underneath.

A blessed and holy privilege they enjoy who are willing passively to walk in the strait and narrow way which leads to life, and in which they are pre-

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served from right-hand errors, from left-hand errors, and from everything that would hurt or defile, while making the perilous journey of life.

Oh! that mankind, everywhere, would "consider their latter end," as such consideration would make them so careful of their lives that they would be as lights to those around them. May such as have strayed from the Father's house return unto it and find that *there* there is bread enough and to spare; and from the humble, contrite ones may arise the aspiration of our Saviour, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

REBECCA PRICE.

Twelfth Month, 1890.

"If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

This testimony of the Psalmist, addressing the Almighty, may be encouraging to some isolated ones who are far separated from kindred ties and former associates, to remember that God is present everywhere, to lead and support all who obey his voice within them, saying, "This is the way, walk thou in

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it." As they thus obey, and thus walk, they will find hard things to be made easy, and bitter waters to become sweetened to the taste; and by their upright walking they will be examples to those around them, thus inculcating Friends' principles by *their* practices.

REBECCA PRICE.

First Month 1st, 1891.

"Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name, for thou art holy."

Not fear Him as we would an austere man. Oh, no! but as a tender, loving Heavenly Parent. *Such fear* would cause us to have a care, like the Divine Master, always to do those things that please Him, and to glorify his name, yea, the name of Him who dwells not only in the high and holy place, but also with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit. This thought is very encouraging to the tried and tribulated soul, to endeavor to leave or forget the things behind, and to "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus our Lord," by being faithful to every *little* manifestation of duty, as it appears from time to time. As this course is steadfastly pursued we shall, at the end of the journey, be ready for the promised reward. "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will

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make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

REBECCA PRICE.

Second Month 28th, 1891.

"All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. . . . The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever."

While we mourn the loss of many dear friends, who have gone to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns," it is a comfort to know that we have this "word" to be with us in all our trials and afflictions, and we need not go a great way off, nor do anything without us to find it, for it is nigh, even in the heart and in the mouth. All that is needed on our part is faithfulness to the in-speaking voice, which will tell us the things which we should do, and those which we should not do, and will make straight paths for our feet to go in. These paths will lead to present and to everlasting peace, and so long as we keep therein we shall be safe.

We know not what shall be on the morrow, and—with the poet—we may wisely query,

"Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in 'Here he lies,'
And 'Dust to dust' concludes her noblest song."

REBECCA PRICE.

Third Month, 1891.

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"Owe no man anything, but to love one another."

When we come to love the Lord our God "with all the heart, mind, might and strength," and our neighbor as ourself, we shall know the fulfillment of the prophecy of Isaiah, that "the wolf and the lamb shall lie down together," etc. A blessed and happy experience this, to have our carnal nature so brought down and made subject to the softening influence of love, that we shall feel it, as it were, flowing from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth.

It is easy to love them that love us and that do good to us, but the love of God is not thus bounded, for many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it. Having emanated from the Most High, it returns to Him with the praises and thanksgiving of the faithful. Oh, may we come to know this love, and to prize it more than corn, oil or wine, for it not only brings peace to the soul while here, but prepares it for an inheritance into the realms of never-ending bliss.

REBECCA PRICE.

Fifth Month, 1891.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

This crown of peace is given to all who walk up-

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rightly through life, allowing nothing to separate them from "the love of God which is in Carist Jesus our Lord." This love will sustain us through this life, and at the close thereof will unite our spirits with those of the just made perfect.

REBECCA PRICE.

Fifth Month, 1891.

"The just shall live by faith."

When we become possessed of this faith, and by its precious influence are enabled to overcome the world and the things which are not of the Father but of the world, we feel the necessity of being just to Him who made us to glorify his name, and also just to our fellow-beings in all the relations of life. In the eleventh chapter of Hebrews we find recorded an account of the fruits of faith enjoyed by the fathers of old time, and may we, in our measure, keep fast hold of this living faith, so that we may be counted worthy to be numbered with the general assembly and Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven.

REBECCA PRICE.

Seventh Month, 1891.

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

By it we are able to distinguish one object from

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another, so as to call things by their proper names. How much more glorious then is it, when the sun of righteousness arises in the soul, and enables us to distinguish good from evil. And if we are wise—choosing the good and refusing the evil—we shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. As we faithfully follow this light, we shall know an *increase* of it, as described by the prophet Isaiah, "Moreover the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people and healeth the stroke of their wound."

But if, for the trial of thy faith, the light be withheld from thee for a season, be not overcome by discouragement, but remember that the children of Israel were to *abide in their tents* while the cloud rested upon the tabernacle, and whether it were two days, or a month, or a year, so long as the cloud remained they journeyed not forward, but when it was lifted they were commanded then to journey.

And we may remember how it was with Job. Though he could enumerate many good deeds that he had done, yet, in a season of darkness, he was so discouraged as to exclaim, "Oh, that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved

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me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness." But after his many afflictions, his captivity was turned by an over-ruling Power, and he could say, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye *seeth* Thee." Favors were then bestowed upon him, "so the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning."

Thus we are instructed not to yield to discouragement when the clouds of darkness hang over us, but if we patiently abide, the time for their removal will come, when we can walk in the clear light, and by faith and trust look forward to a future state which shall be one endless day.

REBECCA PRICE.

Ninth Month, 1891.

"My heart was hot within me. While I was musing the fire burned."

It was in the silent watches of the night, as I was thinking that, from my advanced age, I was now released from using the pen—as, heretofore, I had, at times, felt it my duty to do to encourage fellow-travelers Zionward—that a little light seemed to point to the query of the Psalmist, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in

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his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation." These queries and the answers thereto, give us the assurance that, if we are humble enough to make the sacrifice of self and selfish purposes, obeying the two commandments to love our Heavenly Father with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourself, we *shall* be favored to stand in the holy place to receive the blessing from the Lord. While musing on these encouraging assurances, I was led to behold some of our beloved friends who are going up and down to proclaim the glad tidings of the Gospel, and I felt the spirit of prayer to arise that the dear Father may preserve them as in the hollow of his Hand, making them renewedly sensible that He is worthy not only to be worshipped, but to be obeyed in all things.

REBECCA PRICE.

Eleventh Month, 1891.

NOTE BY THE WAY.

I have been interested in learning that the feet of some of the messengers of the Gospel have been turned toward the scattered members of our religious

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Society who are living in the Western States. Doubtless these isolated ones have been made to rejoice at being thus remembered, as the messengers have in the opportunity to mingle with them. But even those who have *not been included* in these visits may find encouragement and cause for rejoicing in the faith that, wherever our lot may be cast, however remote from those with whom we should be glad to mingle in religious fellowship, if we are only devoted and earnestly seeking, the Minister of ministers will meet with us; yea, He will be there, knocking at the door of our hearts; and as we open unto Him He will come in and sup with us, and we with Him. Such communion will strengthen us to bear the vicissitudes of life and to feel a supernatural support when the infirmities of age overtake us. Then, when the end of earth shall come, we may feel an assurance that there is a mansion prepared for us in the Father's house.

REBECCA PRICE.

*Eleventh Month, 30th, 1891.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things."—(I Cor. xiii : 11.)

This text of Scripture has presented with such meaning and instruction as have led up to a train of

* This is the last date,

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thought that has enlisted my sympathies with the dear children, believing that to the inexperienced state of childhood consideration and allowance are due from their seniors.

It is right that they should have their innocent amusements: for we know they have their little troubles (seeming *little to us*, but not so to them;) and in both their joys and their sorrows do they not require the tender sympathy, as well as the guardian hand to direct them in such a way as to promote their comfort and happiness while being trained in the way they should go, preparatory to their laying aside childish things? The command given to Israel formerly is as necessary now as it was then to be qualified for the duty of rightly training the young. "And ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down and when thou risest up . . . . for if ye shall diligently keep all these commandments which I command you, to do them, to love the Lord your God, to walk in all his ways, and to cleave unto Him . . . . every place whereon the soles of your feet shall tread shall be yours."

The subject continuing to spread, it also presented that while in the infantile state, or the beginnings of

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the Christian life, some imperfections, some undue zeal may appear, requiring charity and forbearance. But if these beginners are obedient and faithful to their Lord and Master who makes known what to do, and what to leave undone, they will be preserved and will grow in the knowledge of Divine things from the state of a young child unto that of a full grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

REBECCA PRICE.

TRYING TO BE GOOD.

"I'm trying to be good." These words were used by a little boy at an appointed meeting at a school house in Iowa. Several children were present, and they had sat so quietly, and had appeared so attentive to the words addressed to them, that just before the meeting concluded they were commended for their becoming behavior, and encouraged to be obedient to their parents, with the assurance that to be good is to be happy. Then it was that a little boy said audibly—though probably intended only for his mother to hear—"*I'm trying to be good.*"

REBECCA PRICE.

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"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

It has often been remarked that "actions speak louder than words," which is only another way of stating that *example* is more powerful than *precept*. In confirmation of the truth of this statement I can recall my own observation when young that the upright, consistent walking of those whose lives bore ample evidence that they feared God and hated covetousness, was an incentive—operating in my youthful heart—to seek for that good which I thought they possessed. Hence a concern has lived with me that those who profess the name of Christ may be good examples in word and deed, abiding in Christ the true and living vine, by which alone fruit can be brought forth, and practical righteousness evinced that will tend to gather the tender lambs of the flock to the fold of rest.

REBECCA PRICE.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

This excellent counsel of the wise King has impressed my mind with the desire that we who are in the evening of our day may not faint or give out by

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the way. Having borne "the burden and heat of day," and known the everlasting Arm to support in trials and afflictions, also having blessings to recount with gratitude to the Author of all good. And now, when our sun is nearing the horizon, may we continue faithful in sowing the seed of kindness, of patience, of mercy and of truth, with the trust that they may find a lodgment in many hearts and through the influence of the invigorating dew of heaven produce fruits of righteousness to the praise of the great I AM. And when the curtain of this life is being drawn around us, shutting out all of earth, and opening a new life to our view, even that to be enjoyed in the heavenly kingdom, the besetments which at times attended our pathway, will appear insignificant, and not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed, and with the blessing of receiving the answer of "Well done, good and faithful servant; . . . . . enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

And for those in the morning of their day, when the light of truth is shining in their hearts, giving them a knowledge of their Heavenly Father,—I feel to send a greeting of tender affection desiring these to be willing recipients of the love of Him who will qualify and prepare them to sow the seeds of virtue and truth, and make them as "a fruitful bough by a

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well, whose branches run over the wall." I feel to address these, as in person, and to say, consult not with flesh and blood, neither let the fear of man become a snare, but attentively listen to the voice of the True Shepherd, who will shelter you from the storm, and from the rain, and whose sheep know his voice, and can distinguish it from the voice of the stranger.

REBECCA PRICE.

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